

midstream

A QUARTERLY JEWISH REVIEW

WINTER, 1957

Articles:

- JAMES T. FARRELL** Jews, Arabs and Morality
- NORMAN PODHORETZ** The Intellectual and Jewish Fate
- JON KIMCHE** Jordan: Britain's Lost Satellite
- H. L. GINSBERG** The Cave Scrolls Controversy
- CYNTHIA OZICK** Geoffrey, James or Stephen
- MAURICE J. GOLDBLOOM** The Communist Monolith
Crumbles

Fiction:

- LEO E. LITWAK The Making of a Clerk

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- **DAVID GALLER** Meditation at Rockaway Beach

Books and Authors:

EMANUEL LITVINOFF • MILTON R. KONVITZ • RAPHAEL
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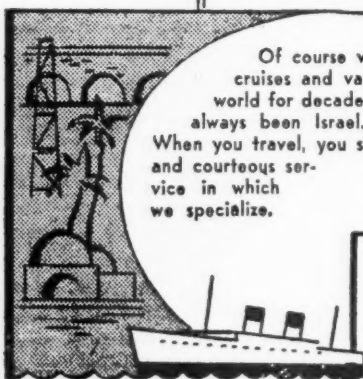
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midstream

A Quarterly Jewish Review

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Winter, 1957

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from the four corners

The Sinai Peninsula

By ARTHUR SAUL SUPER

ARCHEOLOGISTS have long since forced us to revise our childhood impressions of Sinai, derived from our studying the biblical narrative of the forty-year wanderings of the Children of Israel in the desert of Sinai after their Exodus from Egypt. Today we know that the Sinai peninsula was never wholly a desert.

Three-and-a-half thousand years ago, at the decisive moment in the history of the Jewish people, there was a considerable civilization in Sinai. There were important mines, and at least one port of debarkation for ships coming from Egypt. The area was intersected by trade routes which connected the upper end of the Red Sea with regions lying further north and east. The mines were contemporary with the earliest Egyptian dynasties and the trade routes went back even further. They were old and well known when Abraham used them.

Even more interesting than the marks of a flourishing secular civilization in Sinai is the evidence that in dim antiquity it was the center of a considerable religious life. The Egyptian religion was represented by temples at Sarbut el-Kadeem on the northern route to Sinai. The cult was probably introduced to the peninsula by officials in charge of the mines. There is also ground for believing that the Babylonian religion was represented, for there are traces in Babylonian literature of mining and quarrying operations in the eastern part of the peninsula, and indeed there is a reflection of Babylonian theology in the very name given to Mount Sinai which is equivalent to that of the Babylonian moon-god Sin.

IF ALL this is true, then one can understand that in addition to trade, there was a religious impulse which long ago brought travelers moving across the well-defined tracks through the wilderness, for men went there on pilgrimages throughout the ages.

Major C. S. Jarvis, a former Governor of Sinai, disposed of the fiction that Sinai was a desert in the accepted sense of the word. "It experiences," he said, "a varying rainfall every winter that in ordinary years is sufficient to sustain a considerable amount of scrub and tamarisk bushes even in the mountainous area in the south, and occasionally there is an abnormally wet winter which results in the whole of the peninsula, with the exception of the sand-dune country, wearing a mantle of green for two short spring months, whilst cornfields in the wadi beds produce wheat and barley five feet high and ears six inches long."

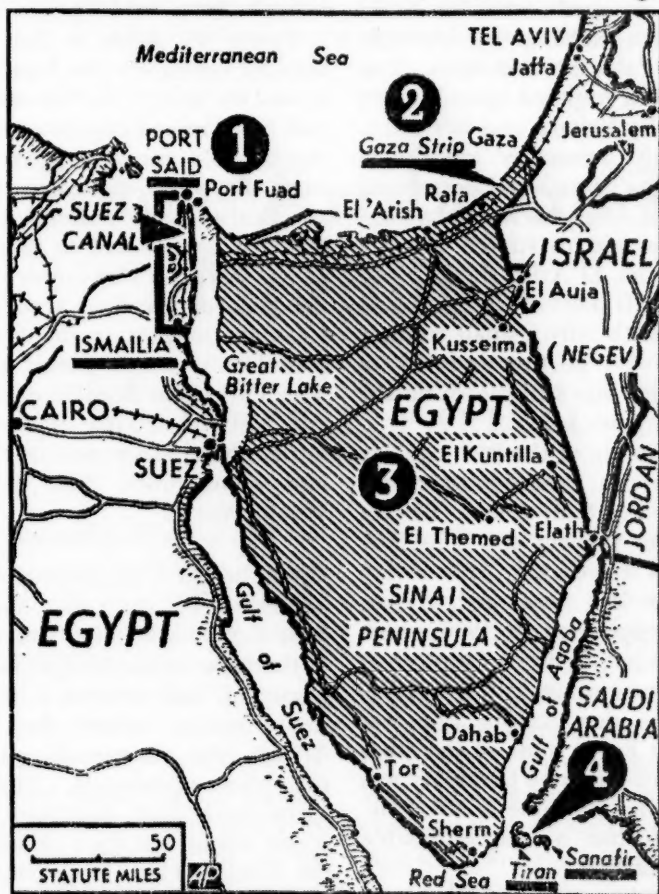
Central Sinai is a high plateau of clayey gravel intersected with thousands of shallow dry water courses that run down the hills on the east and west of the wadi El Arish. This starts some eighty kilometers south of Nekhl (one of the first places captured in the recent Israel lightning campaign) and winds northward to the Mediterranean. But rainfall is capricious. A spate may occur between the middle of October and the middle of April; or in bad years there may be no rain at all; and Jarvis recalls that the Bedouin remember six-year intervals without rain.

How then was a civilization maintained in the peninsula? The reason was the same as that which Nelson Glueck discovered in connection with the Negev, which is part of the same geographical unit as the Sinai peninsula. In the Byzantine and Roman

ages which preceded the Arab occupation there was a highly developed system of reservoirs and irrigation designed to catch, store and use to the fullest advantage every drop of rain which fell. The country is covered with thousands of such water conservation works. Their traces are hidden today by the rubble of ages, but many of them could still be found and made usable at modest cost,

figs, vines and other fruits. An old Roman reservoir was utilized and the cost was less than £2,000.

IN 1953 the UN recognized the possibilities of the area and voted a sum of \$500,000 to the Egyptian government for the preparation of a survey of the peninsula in order eventually to settle 50,000 Arab refugees in it. The



by cleaning out the silt which has accumulated through the centuries.

Once the land is planted, the soil can rapidly accumulate as the rich silt driven down by the rare flood rains is trapped and held. Indeed only twenty years ago, Governor Jarvis undertook a small reclamation project at Wadi Gedeirat about one hundred kilometers south of El Arish and turned 24 dunams of poorly cultivated land into a prosperous area of 1200 dunams of highly fertile ground producing olives,

present population of the whole peninsula is some 40,000, including the town of El Arish.

Decay invaded the peninsula following the Arab invasion in the 7th century. The Bedouin is reluctant to engage in the hard labor which the more highly civilized people who had preceded them had lavished on making this desert flourish. This desert attitude, plus that great enemy of cultivation, the goat (whose favorite diet is the green young stems of new plants and

who can turn a fertile area into a desert in a matter of months), have kept Sinai barren for nearly thirteen centuries.

Its main importance has always been its vital role in the defense of Egypt. Anyone who could cross Sinai was at the gates of the fertile Nile delta. This strategic aspect of Sinai in relation to Egypt was recognized by Mehemet Ali, the founder of modern Egypt, and he obtained the peninsula from the Turks in the 1840's in exchange for his withdrawal from Palestine and Syria. This was a settlement imposed upon Turkey at that time by Britain and her allies. But no definite boundary was drawn between Turkey's territorial possessions and those of Egypt. Roughly, the boundary was said to stretch along a line drawn from El Arish to the town of Suez. This left most of the peninsula in Palestine, with only a small triangle in the northwest portion granted to Egypt. This line was still shown on the maps of sixty years ago.

At the beginning of the 20th century Turkey began an expansionist movement toward the Suez Canal. Britain was anxious to prevent this move, by armed conflict if necessary. After a very tense situation had developed, a commission was appointed in 1906 which fixed the boundary between Egypt, then a British protectorate, and Turkey. This time the demarcation line was drawn to give Egypt most of the Sinai peninsula. This tentative boundary was preserved during the time of the Palestine mandate, but it is questionable how valid it really is.

THE mineral resources of the peninsula have not yet been fully explored. In southern Sinai there is manganese of which 150,000 tons are mined annually and exported to the U.S. A good deal of copper was mined in ancient times. Sinai also has a number of oilfields which were only recently developed, and the annual yield exceeds one million tons.

The principal town in the Sinai peninsula is El Arish. This is a name well

known in Zionist history as the locality offered to Theodor Herzl by the British government in 1902 as a place for Jewish settlement. It raised a storm in Zionist circles at the time. The project was dropped when difficulties were made by the Egyptian government, whose full agreement was essential because the success of the undertaking depended on irrigation waters being brought from the Nile.

Today El Arish is the largest inhabited center on the Sinai peninsula. It was the seat of the Governor of Sinai and has a mixed population. The town started as a convict settlement in the early Egyptian dynasties. Since then practically every nation of the Near East has contributed to its population. It was always a caravan center, and in the path of invading armies. It was a Crusaders' outpost in the Middle Ages. Napoleon's troops passed through it. The Turks kept Bosnian garrisons there and when their time expired the men settled there. More recently the Australians spent much time there during World War I.

THE Bedouin inhabitants of the peninsula, on the other hand, are of pure Arab stock. They are an offshoot of the tribes of the Hedjaz, but the very purity of their descent is the cause of their decline before the acquisitive Arishis, who are spreading throughout the whole peninsula. The Bedouin scorn work and, according to Jarvis, spend about ten days of each year at the plough. Their labor consists of five days of ploughing a stretch of desert after the autumn rains, and five days in the spring harvesting the crop.

Given the opportunity to bring to this neglected peninsula of 60,000 square kilometers some passion and skill for development, there is little doubt that a new era of prosperity and plenty would dawn for the hungry and emaciated tribes who now inhabit it, as well as for many other people.

Reprinted from The Jerusalem Post
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 108)

midstream

A Quarterly Jewish Review

JAMES T. FARRELL is a Chicago-born novelist who has won an important place in the history of American letters with his countless books and stories, the most famous of which, perhaps, is *Studs Lonigan*. Mr. Farrell has recently returned from an extended trip in the Middle East and Asia.

Jews, Arabs and Morality

By JAMES T. FARRELL

I WAS discussing Israel with a sensitive and intelligent Jewish writer. He was well informed about the country, much better than I. My impressions were not original to him. But he was interested in what I thought of Israel in a different sense—in the moral one. What was my moral attitude toward Israel, toward its handling of the Arab question? And most specifically, what did I think of the position which the state has taken concerning the problem of the Arab refugees?

This conversation was but one of a number I have had about Israel in which I have become convinced that sensitive Jews are perturbed about Israel. The existence of a Jewish state has produced many agitated thoughts and feelings among Jews, even among some who deny this. I had the experience of listening to one writer who stressed that he is an American. Israel

is another country, not his own, he insisted, even though he is not unsympathetic to Israel. However, the unevenness of his emotions as he spoke, his bursts of sarcasm, his tone of self-defense and his reiterated protestations of his Americanism, convinced me that the subject is actively troubling to him. He is an American, but he does not regard Israel as he would any other foreign state. And the reason for this is that he is a Jew. In most instances the agitation, the scrupulous over-concern about ethical matters and the readiness to be critical do not become fixed in a fear of dual loyalties. Many Jews who are pro-Israel do not have this fear of divided loyalties. Others who appear indifferent to Israel are likewise untroubled. There is not one standard Jewish attitude toward Israel, nor are there two, pro-Zionist and anti-Zionist. There are various attitudes, but more than differences of attitudes there is

the rich, irrational variety of feelings, emotions, guilts and prides.

The Jew is not the only minority group in America. Almost all of us have felt the pangs of inferiority and the loneliness of alienation. Each new group coming to American shores has faced the barriers of snobbery, prejudice and intolerance. However, in the case of the Jew, as well as of the Negro, the prejudice, exclusion and contempt have been such as to warrant the assertion that here we have a qualitative difference. Because of this, the sense of being a Jewish American or of being Negro is undoubtedly stronger than is that which I feel at being an Irish-American. It is easier for me to forget the "Irishness" of my background than it is for Jews to forget their Jewishness. The Republic of Eire causes no moral doubts in my mind. I wish it well, but the follies of its censorship and the bigotry of some of its citizens do not hit any of my personal veins of moral feeling. The passions of the partition question do not enter my spirit and cause me personal anguish. The fact that Ireland is not completely secularized does not cause me personal moral worry. Some years ago, an Irishman just off the boat visited me. He was not in my home more than five minutes before he was accusing me of being a bad Irishman because I supported the Marshall Plan. To him, the Marshall Plan was solely a means of aiding perfidious Albion in its invasion of Ireland. He was thinking, of course, of partition. And he regards the partition of Ireland as an invasion. Aid to Great Britain was, therefore, support of imperialism. Ergo, I was deserting my own and supporting the invading Saxon. He was as charming as he was impassioned, but he would give me no clean bill of Irish health. He only amused me. My feelings about Ireland are warm, even when sardonic. But Ireland

causes me no moral torment. One reason for this is that the alienation of my people, and the alienation and sense of difference I felt as an Irish boy in Chicago, lacked the intensity with which a Jew so often feels similar emotions. This, of course, is not due to the Jew himself, but to Christian society, which has all too frequently placed the stamp of exclusion on him.

TODAY, though, we have the state of Israel. What is to be thought of it? The courage and self-sacrifice of the earlier Palestinian settlers have been widely recognized and admired. It was the men and women of the First and Second *Aliyot* who created the basis for the modern state of Israel. But Israel was born in struggle and war. It must still fight for its very existence. This fact was dramatically revealed to the world in the Israeli attack on Egypt.

The question of the morality of the action taken by the Israeli government became a world issue. Israel, with its population of about 1,800,000 was condemned by most of the nations of the world. It is still condemned by some delegates in the United Nations. Many Americans feel antipathetic to Israel because of this action, though the process of second thoughts in America has already resulted in many revisions and alterations of the original reactions of anger and disapproval. But in judging Israel we should apply to it the same type of criteria which we would use in considering any sovereign state. We have no right to demand of it, a small new state, more than we demand of ourselves or other states.

ARGUMENTS concerning Israel's right to be a state can be pro or con depending upon how far back one goes in time. The Jewish claim is well known: that the Jews were dispersed and driven from their homeland, and

now after centuries of this dispersion the exiles have returned to their homeland. The Arab spokesmen who refuse to recognize Israel insist that Palestinian Arabs were driven from their homes by the Jews. They blame modern Zionism for this, and further, many of them look upon Israel as an aggressive, alien nation which would conquer them. Had the Arab states recognized Israel and accepted the United Nations Resolution of 1947 partitioning Palestine into Jewish and Arab states, there would be little argument and debate today on this issue. But there was war, caused by the attack which the Arab states launched jointly in May 1948. The end of the war resulted in the uneasy armistice which has existed since, with a succession of infiltrations, retaliations, and finally the Israel attack on Egypt last October. Having sanctioned the establishment of Israel, the United Nations has been unable or unwilling to guarantee its security. The United Nations observers have largely served as bookkeepers who kept a debit and credit account of raids, infiltrations, retaliations and the number of bullets and mortar shells which have gone in either direction across the frontier. Israel has had to maintain a state of armed alert because its very existence is at stake, and failure to maintain such an alert may lead to its citizens' being butchered in Nazi fashion. That these claims are not fantasy is obvious to persons with even a meager knowledge of the Arab-Israel conflict.

I cite here familiar facts because they warrant an important conclusion. Israel exists in a situation which is extreme rather than normal. Because this is so, one is justified in asking: is a state existing in an extreme situation and faced with the danger of total extinction to be judged in the same manner as another state whose relations with its neighbors are normal and

whose existence is secure? The answer given to this question is of fundamental importance because it bears on the question of means and ends.

These considerations, to my mind at least, help to establish a framework within which moral judgments can be passed on the actions and policies of the Israel government. They provide a basis so that judgments, whether of approval or disapproval, will not be mere out-of-hand or quick off-the-cuff conclusions.

WHEN one thinks of the problem of the Arab refugees, one's pity and sympathy are immediately aroused. Here is an almost overwhelming human tragedy. I have been in two refugee camps and interviewed some of the refugees, either directly or through an interpreter. I found squalor and misery—and hatred. They have lived this way for some years now. A return to a normal existence would unquestionably require rehabilitation in order for many of them to live a normal life once again; and these hatreds, carefully nurtured by Arab leaders, have been festering for years. I asked the leader of a Moslem camp what he would do if he returned to Palestine.

"We'll have to kill the old Jews," he answered without hesitation.

Other refugees said they will go back, by war if necessary, and that they will accept rations only until they can afford to get revolvers. I was told by a Moslem camp leader that in every hut there is a printed motto which reads: "Remember who drove you out of Palestine."

This motto is presented as a lesson to the children.

But the Palestine of 1948 no longer exists. If all the refugees were to be repatriated, they would not be returning to the Palestine from which they fled. If they were repatriated while the extreme situation of near-war exists,

and Israel's existence is not recognized by its Arab neighbors, then it is easy to predict the consequences that would follow. The danger of new explosions and war would be greatly aggravated and not lessened.

Other considerations must be weighed before advocating repatriation and maintaining that a refusal to repatriate is immoral. Could the economy of Israel survive the influx, especially if Israel remained blockaded and boycotted by the Arab states? Could schools be built for the children, especially when one realizes that about 50 percent of the refugees are under sixteen? Could doctors be found for their medical care? In other words, how could repatriation be practically handled and financed?

The question of responsibility for the rise of the refugee problem is presented differently by both sides in the Arab-Israel conflict. The Arabs claim that the Jews are responsible. The Jews hold the Arabs responsible. This is a question of fact and not of opinion, and even many of the facts reasonably establish the conclusion that the original responsibility for this situation is not attributable to the Jews, or at least not wholly so. There was fighting prior to the departure of the British from Palestine on May 15th, 1948. But when the British left, ending the Mandatory period, the Arabs marched. Palestine was invaded by Arab armies, superior to the Jews both in numbers and equipment. Arab leaders proclaimed a virtual *jehad*. Some of them made bloodthirsty claims. Prior to the Arab invasion, the great majority of the leaders of the Palestinian Arabs had already fled. This left the mass of the Arabs leaderless, frightened and bewildered. The Arab leaders urged them to flee, to get out of the road of the invading armies, and they were told that they would be able to return in a short

period, a week, two weeks, fifteen days.

The Arab leaders did not want peace. They were convinced that they would win the war in a hurry, and they attacked. Their moral case, then, should rest on a justification of their right to attack, and not on their later contentions. These later claims, to my mind, constitute political arguments and not moral ones which I accept. Furthermore, the Arab nations refused to accept the United Nations resolution on partition. Today when Arab leaders demand that Israel now abide by this resolution, they are asking and demanding that Israel do what they and their predecessors refused to do in 1948. They have not accepted the resolutions and will of the United Nations Security Council on various issues, specifically the 1947 partition resolution and two Security Council resolutions which called on Egypt to end its blockade of Israel shipping through the Suez Canal. The United Nations itself is open to criticism, or at least to the charge of inconsistency. When the Arab nations marched into Palestine in 1948, the United Nations did not act as it did when Israel swept into Sinai and Gaza in October 1956. It did not mobilize the moral sentiment of the world against the Arab nations. It passed its resolution but failed to set up workable machinery by which this resolution could be peacefully implemented.

THE Palestinian Arab refugees are victims. They, and especially the children among them, deserve more from life than they are getting. Their plight can and should rend the heart and quicken the sympathies of every civilized person. The refugee problem is one which cries out for solution, and it does this simply in terms of humanity. But before we use the refugees' plight to condemn Israel, let us consider the policies of other governments

who now seek to don the cloak of morality on refugee questions. The Soviet Union refused to admit Jewish refugees when the Nazis were bent on a policy of total extermination. The United States has on its books some heartless and discriminatory immigration laws. These situations are, of course, different from that prevailing in the Middle East. I cite them only to stress that other governments do not ignore practical considerations and always act out of sentiments of humanity when refugees are knocking pitifully at their gates. They exercise their rights of national sovereignty.

Neither morally nor historically can I see grounds to justify demands that the Israelis should bear sole responsibility for the Arab refugee problem or that they should repatriate all the refugees. Besides the factors which I have already mentioned, I would add that you do not achieve right by compounding wrongs. There can be no peace in the Middle East until the refugee problem is settled. But it cannot be settled by one side alone. In the relationships between nations and also within nations the great human problems are solved or left unsolved on the plane of politics. As long as there is dangerous and explosive politics at the core of the Arab-Israel conflict, the refugee problem cannot be solved on the plane of a humanitarianism which is completely divorced from political solutions of the conflict.

The refugees are not primarily responsible for their plight, and the miseries, the frustrations, the squalor of their lives should be neither underestimated nor played with and used politically. But to keep simmering a hatred which has already been festering for so long only permits a political manipulation, and political use, of misery. To put war in the hearts and minds of the refugees is not to create

the ground for a better future, for the refugees, for the Arabs, for the Jews, or for any of us.

I would assert that the moral issue concerning the refugee problem cannot be treated separately from the other issues that are crucial in the Arab-Israel conflict. The moral issue is not a matter solely of principles and of intentions. A moral solution will have political, economic and psychological consequences. The eight years of Israel's existence as a state cannot be undone or washed into historical forgetfulness. A solution is meaningless unless it is economically implemented. A solution also calls for consideration of the rights, the aims and the future of Israel and its citizens.

PARALLEL considerations are all relevant to the problems involved in the treatment of the 180,000 or so Arabs who are Israel citizens. Economically, the Israel Arabs are relatively well off—better off than they have ever been. There are tractor stations in the rural districts and the small Arab farmers can get the use of these on easy terms. Also, they can avail themselves of opportunities for cooperative marketing, and inasmuch as Israel needs to keep increasing its agricultural production, the Arabs are encouraged to produce and they find a ready market for what they grow. Health standards for the Arabs have been and continue to be improved. To many Americans, the Bedouins have been picturesque and romantic figures. Actually, conditions among them were very poor and these are being steadily improved. There is a mobile health unit in the Negev which cares for the Bedouins. Efforts are constantly made to educate them in terms of modern health methods, preventive medicine, diet and child care. Clinics are being built in Arab villages. I saw one which had been but

recently opened in a village near the Jordanian border in the area known as the Triangle. It was clean and modern. The doctor serving it was Jewish. He was only interested in medicine and I could not, despite a persistent effort, draw him into political discussion. There are Arab nurses at the clinic. It has beds for children and a maternity ward. I saw two children, one a recent entry who was merely skin and bones. The child was a severe malnutrition case. Another who had been brought in before was healthy, active, practically cured and ready to be sent back to his parents.

Arab husbands at first objected to their wives bearing children at the clinic; most of all, they objected to a male doctor attending the birth. The Jewish doctor agreed that the local Arab midwife should attend the birth, but he also brought in a trained Jewish midwife who could teach her Arab colleague methods of sanitation. He also agreed to stay out of the delivery room unless there was a grave emergency. I saw the first two Arab women who had borne children in this new clinic, but when I attempted to ask them questions through an interpreter, they asked me to get out. But as the saying goes, they and their children were doing well. Plans are underfoot to use this clinic also as a cultural center and to show movies on its roof once a week.

After experimenting with separate Arab labor organizations, the Histadrut established an Arab department which is headed by an Iraqi Jew who has been many years in Israel and is an experienced, well-informed and modern progressive trade unionist. There are about 11,000 Arabs in the Histadrut. Arabs who own more than 25 dunams of land are ineligible to join but they can join cooperatives. This is a general Histadrut rule. In Histadrut,

the Arabs receive all advantages but do not bear full responsibilities. They can vote for officials in their own union but not for national officials. Histadrut leaders claim this is necessary, not solely on grounds of the general danger which grows out of the Arab-Israel conflict, but also because the Arabs are not yet generally responsive to the idea of trade union organization. They state that one of their great difficulties is conceptual, the difficulty of inculcating a consciousness of trade unions and trade unionism. The Histadrut seeks to gain the same wage levels and conditions of work for Arab workers as it does for all its other members. It has greater difficulty with Arab than with Jewish employers in negotiating. The Arab employers are not as experienced in these matters or, as a Histadrut official said, not as "educated" about unions. One of the Histadrut's problems is that of raising sub-standard wage levels of Arab workers employed by fellow Arabs. At the same time, the Histadrut has already an impressive record in gaining increased wages and better working conditions for Arab workers.

STEADY efforts have been made to improve educational facilities for Arabs. Following the establishment of the state, there was a serious shortage of Arab teachers. Most of the Arab teachers had fled with the other Arabs who became refugees. Teachers with sub-standard qualifications and Iraqi Jews who spoke Arabic were used in the Arab schools. I spoke with Arab teachers in two villages on the Jordanian border and also with an Arab who teaches Hebrew in a private school in Haifa. The latter was rather disgruntled, and seemed to favor methods of teaching employed in the Mandate period, when there was recourse to corporal punishment. A young Arab

man and a young woman teacher in the Triangle area spoke enthusiastically of the more progressive methods of teaching introduced since the establishment of Israel. The man said he believed that instruction in Arab schools was as good as in Hebrew ones where there were qualified teachers. There has been an increased breadth in subjects taught and a relaxation from stricter methods. He claimed the children were learning better. He knew of John Dewey. The young Arab woman, who comes from a progressive and well-to-do family said that there is no comparison between teaching now and in the Mandatory period when she was a child. Then girls did not attend school. Now, she said with a rush of enthusiasm, the children learn not only from books: they see, they feel, they learn.

A major source of Arab resentment about education relates to the Jews only incidentally. Many, especially in the villages, do not want the girls educated, or at least not after the girls reach the age of ten. In many instances there are large families and the girls are needed at home to do housework and to take care of the younger children. Moreover a girl is considered by most Arabs to have reached the "dangerous" age at ten, and they believe that she should be kept isolated from boys. The Cadi of Acre, an Egyptian-born religious leader, discussed education with me frankly for an hour or so. He objects to the present system. During the period of the Mandate, boys could be punished. That, he asserted, made better citizens of them. Also he complained that with present methods of education and opportunities in Israel, there was not a sufficient future for Arabs. The Haifa teacher, whom I have mentioned above, shared this view. He was the interpreter in my discussion with the Cadi. A group of

Arab business leaders of Acre and members of the local chamber of commerce shared his view. All of them were opposed to co-education for girls after ten. One said in English: "We Arabs are fastidious about our ladies."

The Cadi, however, did add that he approved of intelligent Arab girls attending a co-educational college.

The Acre Arabs were critical, almost bitter, concerning the Hebrew University. The complaint was that Arab students were at a disadvantage because the entrance examinations are all in Hebrew. It was pointed out that many Jewish students were at a similar disadvantage since Hebrew was not their first language either. Furthermore, Hebrew is a second language in the Arab schools in Israel and the Israelis hope that in the future, Arab students seeking to matriculate will have learned Hebrew well. The Cadi would not accept these arguments. He said that in Jewish homes, the children speak Hebrew; the Arab children, even when they learn Hebrew, do not speak the language at home. There are twenty-one Arab students at the Hebrew University. One of them is a girl. At the Technion in Haifa an effort is being made to get more Arab students. A decline in educational standards for Arabs following the flight of many teachers in 1948, as well as economic factors, have some connection with the number of Arab students in higher education. Most of the Arabs are poor or small farmers living in the villages. The villages are backward and only gradually is the standard of life improving in them.

The Arabs vote and there are Arab members in the Knesset. There are even Arabs who are Communist or pro-Communist. In Acre I saw an election poster which had been put on a wall by the General Zionist party. It showed a picture of an Arab behind

barbed wire. An Arab translated the slogan on the poster for me. It asked for Arab votes and called for an end to military government. In the Arab-inhabited areas, they also elect their own local officials. The mayor of Nazareth, for instance, is a Christian Arab; Arab villages are likewise governed by Arabs.

But there is military government in three areas. Arabs in a district where there is military government cannot leave the area without a pass or permit. To get a permit, they must give a legitimate reason. Except for suspect Arabs, it is usually easy to get such a pass. Those who work outside the district in which they live, for instance, usually get a yearly pass.

Is this policy justified? Is it an anti-democratic and discriminatory practice which is to be condemned as immoral? No clear cut answer satisfying to all can be given to this question. Here, too, the conclusion one reaches depends on the answer to the two basic questions posed which should guide our judgment about these issues. Does Israel have the right to exist? Is the situation in Israel normal or extreme?

IT is a well-known fact that ever since its founding Israel has suffered from infiltrators. They have continually come over borders to steal and to kill. In every frontier area of Israel that I visited, and this means more than half of the frontiers, there were "incidents," shortly before my visit or not long after. The long frontiers cannot be continually patrolled and guarded. Infiltrators can come over, hide with relatives or disaffected Arabs and steal or kill. Israelis have evidence that this has happened, and this is the principal explanation and justification Israel officials offer when you question them about military government.

Although it is true that many Jews

and Arabs were friends during the Mandatory period, relationships are now strained. Most Jews are not sure as to what the Arabs are thinking. It is difficult and often impossible to know. The Cadi of Acre, who like all Arabs was most hospitable, did tell me his views. They were, needless to say, not what Israelis would consider disloyal. But he and his friends spoke frankly about education, in the presence of some Israel Jewish women, one of whom worked for the government. Quite obviously, the Arabs of Acre were not terrorized. They felt no need to praise falsely. They complained openly. But on many questions, Israelis, including Histadrut officials, do not know what the Arabs are thinking.

There are reasons for this, and some of them are humanly understandable. When the boundary lines were established by the armistice agreements, families were separated. There are, of course, some contacts because the Arabs can go rather easily back and forth, although this involves risk. But contact, other than sub-rosa, as I have indicated, is strictly forbidden. There is smuggling. Disaffection rises and wanes with political tensions. The Israel Arabs can daily hear the Egyptian radio, with its ceaseless attacks on Israel and Zionism. This leaves them in many quandaries and dilemmas. Do they want war? Do they want peace? Numerous Arabs looked down upon the Jews or did not take them seriously. Palestinian Arab refugees in Lebanese camps told me that before the war the Jews had seemed to them like sheep and donkeys. Because many of them did not take the Jews more seriously in the past, their pride was all the more wrenched when the Jews won the war.

The Jews are using Western methods, and this creates friction and resentment. I have already indicated how this happened in matters of education.

With change and Westernization, there are even signs of a stirring among Arab women. Some of the Arab girls are beginning to refuse to accept the men their fathers choose as husbands for them. Custom and habit are cracking, and this too leads to tension and resentment.

Daily the Arab sees Jewish boys and girls in army uniforms. Israel must have an army to defend itself. But against whom will these Jewish soldiers fight in war? Only Arabs—their brothers across the frontier. In Galilee, there was not the same Arab exodus as in other areas of Palestine. The fighting came there last. The chances of Arab victory were gone. But how many Galilean Arabs might have wanted to fight or flee? The Israelis cannot know. And should there be a war, who will win? Despite what the Arabs say, their defeat wounded their pride and frightened many of them. The recent Sinai campaign could only have produced new wounds and added fear. The quandary here is deep and real.

But from the standpoint of the Israelis, the danger is grave and pressing. Most Israelis are convinced that if attacked they will have to fight with their backs to the sea; fight or be driven into the sea—these are the only alternatives facing them as long as the present situation continues. They see the Arab minority as one which is wide open to dangerous disaffection.

The government policy toward the Arabs is *not* one of terror. To the contrary, Israel goes out of its way to encourage integration and the development of sentiments of loyalty. It makes a considerable effort to aid Arabs economically and materially. It seeks to avoid any situations which may strain the loyalties of the Arabs and deepen the dilemma in which they find themselves. This is one reason why Arabs are not drafted into the army.

But the Israelis do not trust the Arab minority, and they feel that they have genuine reasons for such an attitude. The situation is clearly extreme and different from other situations. India and Pakistan, for instance, have relationships despite their sharp differences. A Hindu writer can go to Karachi, move about freely, associate with the Pakistanis. The Arab states don't talk to Israel.

The recent Israel attack on Egypt is fresh in everyone's memory. The considerations shaping moral judgments which I have already stated apply to this Israel action. From the Israel standpoint the attack was an act of self-defense, and there are many facts to give weight to the Israel view. Arab leaders have proclaimed often enough that they will make war when they are ready. If one believes that Israel has the right to exist, then the Sinai attack can be viewed in the perspective which I have already outlined and described.

PRIOR to the 1948 war, the Jewish settlers did not move into Palestine and expropriate the Arabs. They purchased the land, often buying the same land more than once. Eliezer Kroll, an old watchman and a kibbutznik, tells how one marsh in Galilee was bought three times. The Jews went into a desert. They went into malaria-infested marshes. They pioneered and fought bravely in their self-defense. They have gone far toward reclaiming a desert and building a democratic society. In Israel Zionism does not mean what it does in America where there are bitter polemics between Zionist and anti-Zionist Jews. The *sabras* do not argue about Zionism. Israel is their home. The state of Israel is a fact, not a theory. At least this is the way it appeared to me, a non-Jewish visitor.

I do not believe that it is for me to pass abstract moral judgment from

afar. The right to existence which Israel has gallantly earned is the fundamental point of issue at stake. Once this is accepted, the other issues fall into perspective, and there could then be the beginning of hope that these issues could be resolved. While these issues involve politics and economics, they are also moral and human. This is especially so concerning the Arab refugees. These victims of war deserve a new start. Their children do. Many of them live outside the surrounding Arab society in a world of squalor which they never made. If this problem is not solved it will become a poison which can kill the nerves of progress all through the Middle East. The continuance of this problem hurts and damages not only the Jews. It is a growing threat to Arab society. It can poison the Arab future also.

But I cannot see how the refugee problem can be solved singly and apart

from the other problems which divide Israel and the Arab states. These cannot be solved by polemics of hatred. They cannot be solved by Americans hacking away at each other over these issues. They can only be solved when there are direct negotiations between Israel and the Arab countries. The sound position to take here is, as I see it, to accept the fact that Israel is here to stay, and that peace by direct negotiations is the aim to be espoused.

Finally—it is important to stress and to repeat the truism that the polemics of hate only lead us away from facts. The crux of the issue is that of peace or war, existence or annihilation. Peace means cooperation and a willed effort to further progress in the future rather than to live on in the wounds and the festering hatreds of the past. There can be a new bloom over the desert of hate and division in the Middle East—if there is a courageous will to find peace.



Self-estranged, living in an ivory tower of purified absolutes, the radical Jewish intellectual in the past often reacted to the people from which he came and to its problems with a disdainful irritability that verged on neurasthenia. In turn he was bitterly accused of escapism, assimilationism, self-hatred, desertion, snobbism. It is ironic that neither the rejecting intellectual nor his accusers ever cared to notice that he was in fact a reincarnation in modern dress of a distinctly Jewish socio-cultural type that proliferated under *galut* conditions a century and more ago—the Hasid spending the year round in the presence of his Rebbe dreaming of abstract salvation and leaving mundane cares to others, the scholar spending all his time over learned volumes in search of abstract truth and letting his wife worry about providing for the family. Now the concrete world is in convulsions. Nationalism, the social force most derided by the radical intelligentsia, is showing itself the only force today capable of effectively challenging Communist totalitarianism. The radical intellectuals of other peoples are veering toward a new understanding of events. And at this time there occurred almost simultaneously Israel's desperate fight to gain a measure of security from enemies committed to its destruction, and Hungary's struggle for national independence. The characteristically "detached" reaction of the radical Jewish intellectual to these two events is the subject of NORMAN PODHORETZ's article. Mr. Podhoretz is an assistant editor of *Commentary*. His critical writing has appeared in the *New Yorker*, *Partisan Review* and other journals.

The Intellectual and Jewish Fate

By NORMAN PODHORETZ

WHATEVER else one says about the reaction of American Jews to Israel's invasion of Egypt—and characterizing the reaction in general is surely no simple matter—one thing is clear: that Israel received less than unequivocal support. Now there is, of course, no reason to be surprised by this. American Jews, after all, were in a difficult position. Their own government had condemned the "aggression"—while acknowledging mildly that there had been provocation—and many of them no

doubt felt morally uneasy at the apparent spectacle of Israel serving the "colonial" interest of Britain and France in the Middle East. But these feelings, I think, were rather more indigenous to the liberal middle-class American Jew—who, like all American liberals, has always had a shaky notion of where and how morality enters into politics—than to the more politically sophisticated American Jewish intellectual. My impression is that many intellectuals—with one or two notable exceptions—were disturbed mainly be-

cause they believed that Israel had diverted the world's attention from the events in Hungary. This disturbance, it seems to me, provides a clue to the attitude of American Jewish intellectuals toward Israel and Jewish fate; it also gives us some indication of the way they conceive the nature of politics itself.

I ought first, before trying to define this attitude, to make it clear that I am referring to a particular type of American Jewish intellectual, though I believe that it is the dominant type. If one had to draw a composite portrait, it would look something like this: his age is between thirty-five and fifty, which is to say that the experience of the '30's, an involvement with radical politics in one form or another, was a decisive influence in shaping his mind. He was born of immigrant parents from East Europe who were primarily Yiddish-speaking but not particularly observant. His Jewish education was scanty, and there was nothing either in Judaism as he knew it or in the Jewish life around him that exerted any charm over his imagination. But the precise details of his background are not of paramount importance here; the point is that this background never gave him a sense of personal implication in the fate of Jews. *Of course* he was a victim of self-hatred, but if we are trying to find out why he developed a contempt for Zionism, reference to self-hatred will get us nowhere. For self-hatred lies as firmly fixed at the basis of Zionism as it does in what Jewish publicists have been pleased to call "cowardly assimilationism." Surely at this late date the centrality of self-hatred in Jewish literature from Mendele and Yalag to Brenner and A. D. Gordon has been well enough established not to require extensive documentation. For our present purposes, however, it is important that we try to pin down the special

quality of the American Jewish intellectual's self-hatred.

First of all, the notion that it was a symptom of "cowardice" must be dispelled—the intellectual never denied that he was a Jew to anyone but himself. What he was actually doing was attempting by an act of will to dissociate himself from a heritage he disliked or despised or supposed that he was indifferent to. For better or worse, he made a moral decision not to be cabinn'd, cribb'd, confined by his Jewishness; he wanted something bigger and nobler, he wanted to be a man of broad cultivation and wide sympathies, whereas Jews struck him as narrow and mean and concerned with no other fate than their own—and so he often struck himself. And he wanted to be rid of the bother of Jewishness, to be rid of the nuisance of having always to demonstrate that assumptions could not safely be made by others about his character or his ideas.

We must also give up the smug presumption that such a dissociation is impossible; it is *not* impossible, but it is incredibly costly. It can never be accomplished by a single act of will; it takes unremitting vigilance and a fantastic expenditure of the energy called forth by any process of self-discipline or self-creation. Men are forever forging identities for themselves against the grain of their instincts and impulses and even of their genes—what else does it mean to live the moral life?—and it is rank impudence to deny them the right to do so. They are the ones who pay the bill—in pain and anguish and in moral strain: for the luxury of relaxation, of being able to take oneself for granted, of being able to resist the temptation to seize every possible occasion as a test, of being free from the compulsion to exhibit over and over again one's purity of character and mind to oneself—this luxury they have

lost as surely as any 17th-century Puritan who secretly believed that he was damned.

BUT if the young intellectual did not feel himself to be a Jew, neither did he regard himself as an American. The second-generation Jew, Will Herberg has said, was "too foreign in school and too American at home," but I do not think it was primarily the foreignness of America that prevented the second-generation intellectual from forming a commitment to the country he lived in. The "real" America was indeed remote from the Jewish neighborhoods of New York City, but he became familiar with it through movies and books, through the novels of Sinclair Lewis and Dreiser and Dos Passos, through the essays of Mencken and the sociology of Veblen: this was not a country that could possibly enlist the sympathies of a young man in the process of dedicating himself to a life of ideas and ideals. And later, in the '30's, it seemed clear that America could be defined exhaustively as the place where depressions were bred.

So the young intellectual was neither a Jew nor an American, but it would be absurd to presume that his "alienation," as he came to call this feeling of non-involvement with the life around him, was a spiritual disadvantage. The truth is that if he was alienated by his intelligence, he was also, by virtue of that alienation, capable of living in a far more expansive world than the one given to him by mere experience; he was rewarded with greater generosity of mind and spirit, with the capacity for understanding that a man cannot be written off by the accidents of his own biography, he was liberated from a suffocating Jewish parochialism on the one side and a mean-spirited American provinciality on the other. Alienation was not neurosis; it was not a

petulant withdrawal from reality; it was not an ideology of sour grapes. It was a principled refusal by the young intellectual to allow his character to be determined by conditions, conditions that threatened to warp his best qualities and poison his finest aspirations, conditions that he knew had not been ordained by Providence.

Having said all this, however, we must also be prepared to admit that the effort to create oneself in an image transcending the limits foisted upon one by biology and history and sociology is a trap, and especially so in politics. Every act of will in defiance of conditions carries with it its own peculiar dangers, trembles on the brink of *hubris*. Because he considered himself neither an American nor a Jew, the alienated intellectual could begin to imagine that he was a free spirit who might pick and choose among identities and loyalties according to the dictates of reason and reason alone, an unconditioned man whose attitudes, being untainted by atavistic ties or tribal fidelity, were thereby rendered purely rational. Since he was bound by no personal interests, he need only serve Truth and Justice. It was in socialism—and I use the word here loosely to include most of the factions which based themselves on Marx, but mainly the Communist party of the '30's and the Trotskyists—that the young intellectual discovered an "unconditioned" identity. As a Socialist or a Communist or a Trotskyist, he was more than merely an individual, but at the same time he was dedicated to the cause of Historical Truth and Social Justice, not the selfish interests of a group or a class clamoring for its due. For Marx, in assigning to the proletariat the role of bringing about the end of selfishness as a principle of social and political life, had transformed the workers from a class into a cause.

This, of course, is one of the important secrets of the appeal of Marxism to intellectuals—that it offers a “pure” politics, a politics uncorrupted by interest. Now the idea of a pure politics is a logical absurdity: the very existence of politics depends on a willingness to acknowledge the legitimacy and indeed the necessity of selfish interests in society. The function of a political system is to provide a peaceful arena for the clash of selfish interests, to preserve order in society by mediating between rival claims for power in accordance with the prevailing conception of justice. Thus by denying the legitimacy of selfish interests in society, by denying that competition for power under capitalism could ever result in true justice, Marx also denied the legitimacy of politics itself and went so far as to promise its ultimate abolition (through the withering away of the state). It is obvious, then, that Marxism would have encouraged the young intellectual's disposition to find no great significance in the fact that he was both a Jew and an American, and so it did. But it also did more than that—it fostered a tendency to look upon political action based on such loyalties as merely interested behavior. This tendency, as we shall see, managed for the intellectual to outlive the whole superstructure on which it was based.

WITH the help of these considerations, we can begin to understand why the two most difficult of all statements for the American Jewish intellectual to make, under any circumstances, were, “I will support America because I am an American” and “I will defend Jews because I am Jewish.” The former declaration, of course, has never come easily to Americans, alienated or otherwise; though logically and morally it would seem to be a self-evident proposition—what act could be less in need

of justification than defending and preserving oneself?—in the mouth of Americans it has always resounded with intimations of belligerent know-nothingism. There is good cause for this: America is a country, after all, that sprang full blown from the brow of philosophers, and because it was born in revolution, it has been oppressed by the gratuitous impulse to justify its own existence through an appeal to Right and Truth and the Will of God from the very beginning. This is one of the many points at which the Jew and the American meet, for Jews are preëminently a people plagued by the tyrannical compulsion to justify their own existence. The Chosen People were rebuked over and over again by their prophets for being like unto other nations, for being—one is tempted to say—ordinary. And the need to justify persists: for the assimilated Jew in the form of a driving ambitiousness (he must be extraordinarily clever or extraordinarily good or extraordinarily wealthy); for the “positive” Jew in the apologetic insistence that Judaism is a superior, flawless culture encompassing all virtue and all wisdom; even for the Israeli, who must forever call upon principles to prove that he has a right to *be*. Indeed, it is impossible to account for the spirit of Israel's foreign policy without taking note of this need. Was there ever a nation so careful not to outrage or even offend the sensibilities of world opinion? Has any nation ever behaved in so principled a manner? Has any nation ever been compelled to insist so strongly and consistently on its own purity?

But to return to the alienated intellectual: he could never compromise his own political disinterestedness by affirming that he was an American. To read some of the debates between socialists on whether or not a socialist could permit himself to support Amer-

ica in World War II is to get a glimpse into the astonishing lengths to which this inability drove the radical mind of the '30's; today it seems incredible that an American of any political persuasion whatever—and most of all an American Jew—should have had to argue himself into a defense of America against Hitler.

In the light of all this, it comes as no surprise to learn that the alienated Jewish intellectual felt at least indifferent and at most hostile to Zionism. From his "disinterested" point of view, Zionism was a parochial movement of little or no significance, and he may even have considered it a positive danger to the cause of Justice, being, as he thought, an expression—and a particularly narrow expression—of 19th-century bourgeois nationalism, which was nothing more than the politics of interest writ large. (It was only after the war, with the emergence of Asia as a major factor in international relations, that socialists began to regard the nationalism of some small peoples as a good thing.) He would not have been impressed by the argument that Zionism's poverty of appeal as compared with the universalist ideals of socialism was, so to speak, an honest *human* poverty. To support a movement whose essential purposes are to restore the Jews to an honorable status among the nations, to repair the ravages done to the Jewish personality by two thousand years of Diaspora, to insure that Jewish lives shall not be in constant jeopardy, and to save Jewish lives that are imminently threatened, *because* one is a Jew, and for no other reason, is simply to acknowledge that no apologies are required for asserting one's right to existence—which also means to human dignity—on this earth. No apologies are required because this right is absolute. Yet it was precisely such an assertion that the alienated

Jewish intellectual, the "free spirit," the "unconditioned" political man, could never make.

THE disaffection with socialism and with the ideal of revolution among American Jewish intellectuals was gradual, but it had become fully apparent by the time the Korean war broke out. Partly it was the prosperity of the '40's—a period when another depression had been expected—that encouraged the new willingness to find virtue in American life, but it would be cynical to leave it at that. The fact is that by the '40's most American radicals had, almost without knowing it—behind their own backs, as it were—acquired a stake in America. They had homes and wives and children and jobs, and the style of their lives was not remarkably different from that of other Americans. It became increasingly difficult—especially in the face of the stupid anti-Americanism to which the former radicals were exposed when they traveled in Europe—to speak of Americans as "they," and the substitution of "we" for "they" could only be the death knell of radical commitment.

The other enormously important factor at work here was, of course, the Cold War. The intellectual's participation in the fight against Russian totalitarianism began with his repudiation of Stalinism, proceeded to the rediscovery and revaluation of American culture, and came to rest with the idea that the struggle between America and Russia was a war of principles, not of nations. Now I am not questioning the accuracy of this view; I simply want to note that even in the act of becoming pro-American and of giving up the last vestiges of his sense of alienation, the Jewish intellectual was still finding it hard to say, "I support America because I am an American; I want to defend my own way of life against a way

of life that would be death to me." Indeed, before he could vow allegiance to America, he had first to conceive of this country as the embodiment of a principle (and how easy the Russians made it for him to do that!)—which left his political attitudes virtually intact: they were still pure, disinterested, selfless; he was still arguing himself into a defense of his own interests. At bottom, that is, he was still reluctant to admit that he had interests and that he was taking a political position in deference to them.

A SIMILAR observation can be made about the intellectual's growing concern with Jewish culture during the same period. Much has been written about a "return to the fold," but in reality something far more subtle, far more devious and far less cheering to the shepherds of the fold occurred. The "return" was in its own way a product of the Cold War—that is to say, it was one more expression of the readiness everyone in America felt to embrace the things of this world that he had once heedlessly cast away without so much as a glance at what he might be losing; it was part of the general mood of rediscovery that extended not only to the movies and television but even as far afield as the English Victorians. On another level—though all these various factors are inter-related—it was of course a consequence of the intellectual respectability that religion had been so long in acquiring in this country; the examples of Eliot, Auden and others did their share in helping to effect this change. On yet another level, it was a fruit of the new sophistication—which doubtless owed a debt to the psychoanalysts and sociologists—on the matter of assimilation. In the '30's, as we have seen, it had been widely supposed (and not among Jews alone) that a second-generation American need only work hard enough at it to erase the stigmata

of minority status. But by the '40's and '50's, it was common knowledge that the last thing you could escape was a burden like Jewishness. You could not escape the burden, but you could master it by confronting it full in the face. In my opinion, the intellectual's concern with Jewish culture was a phenomenon of this order, a sign not of his desire to embrace his own Jewishness, but, on the contrary, to have done with it once and for all. For being a Jew still held terrors that an American identity no longer offered; it still meant parochialism, whereas to be an American meant to occupy a key position on the front lines of the great battle of our time. In studying Jewish culture, the intellectual made one crucial discovery—that the Jews did indeed have a culture. Hasidism could be discussed in connection with Kierkegaard and Pascal; Sholom Aleichem could be seen in terms of the comic spirit. But, paradoxically, this discovery did not commit him, as a man of culture, to his own Jewishness; it merely convinced him that his Jewishness was more easily manageable than he had imagined. If Hasidism was an example of the irrationalist impulse in religion rather than a force which had stunted his character, then he was released from bondage to it. The esoterica of his background became familiar, as familiar as the ideas he had already made his own. This unconscious impulse to render Jewish culture familiar in terms of Western culture explains, I believe, the peculiar distortion of perspective that mars much of the writing by Jewish intellectuals on Jewish matters, brilliant though some of that writing is.

To sum up, then, the simultaneous "return" to America and Jewishness did not wholly alter the intellectual's negative *attitude* (as distinguished from his ideas) toward self-interest in politics;

nor did it seriously mitigate his reluctance to admit that he himself, as an American and a Jew, had legitimate political interests of a non-exalted nature. If this were not clear before, the Israeli invasion of Egypt should have removed all one's doubts.

THE news of the invasion followed hard on the heels of the defiance of Russia by Poland and Hungary, though it came before the agitation in Hungary had assumed the proportions of a revolution and before the Russians began slaughtering Hungarians en masse. In order to understand why the intellectual was so disturbed—annoyed would perhaps be a better word—by the Israeli action, it is necessary to get a clear picture of his response to what was happening in East Europe. "Joy was it to be alive at that hour, and to be young, was very heaven," Wordsworth said of the French Revolution; something similar might be said of the impact exerted by the Hungarian revolution on the American Jewish intellectual. The excitement created by Gomulka's victory and then the wild exhilaration bred by the heroism of the Hungarians went far beyond what might have been expected of the reaction to a great political marvel. A matter of deep personal significance was involved here for the intellectual; it was almost as if, for a brief moment, he were back in the dramatic world of the '30's, as if he were suddenly young again, moving through a universe in which political action was morally meaningful and political discussion enormously relevant. (The fact that intellectuals and students were the leaders of the revolution had its effect too: so many American intellectuals had begun to wonder whether mind and ideas and intellectuals had not been rendered obsolete by the Cold War stalemate.) Except briefly during

the furor over McCarthy, politics had been dead for so long, history had ceased to move, the issues had all been settled, and there was nothing to do but sit around in boredom and wait for the apocalypse. Now, as a result of the events in Hungary, the world was suddenly alive with action and danger and opportunity—and *ideas*; there was something to talk about, there was something to denounce with more than mechanical vehemence and something to be thrilled by with more than a self-generated elation. The Soviet empire was toppling, a new era was in the making. In the end, no one doubted that the Hungarian revolution had triumphed, at least in a symbolic sense; totalitarianism had not, after all, succeeded in dehumanizing its victims. The general feeling was well expressed by Irving Howe and Lewis Coser in a special issue of *Dissent*: "No matter what the immediate outcome of the events in Poland and Hungary, they have already achieved the status of the symbolic and the exemplary. They have vindicated man in the 20th century." It had been a very long time since intellectuals could sincerely employ rhetoric of this kind—since the '30's, in fact.

Even apart from the special considerations we have been discussing here, and even if there had been no Hungarian revolution, the crisis in the Middle East obviously could never have aroused a passion comparable to this. It is difficult to imagine that anything Israel might accomplish in her struggle with the Arabs could be celebrated as having "achieved the status of the symbolic and the exemplary." In the realm of the "symbolic and the exemplary"—as these words are used by intellectuals in contemporary political discourse—Israel is simply not that important; Israel exists in the realm of the politics of interest, where questions of

relative justice are involved, but never, as in the realm of "pure," "disinterested" politics, world-shaking issues of Historical Justice. Historical Justice has become a term in the cataclysmic language of forces and classes and economic systems, and in that language there is not even a vocabulary in which to talk about Israel.

THE intellectual's immediate reaction to the Israeli invasion was, as I have said, one of annoyance. The Middle East was pushing Hungary off the front pages; the politics of interest (the interests of Britain and France along with Israel's) was intruding its sordid presence onto the attention of people who were rapt in worshipful contemplation of a great outburst of the politics of purity. I do not mean to dismiss with a mere stroke of sarcasm all the arguments advanced by Jewish intellectuals who took the position that Israel's action was a bad thing; yet I do think that some such feeling as I have just described was behind the *immediate* reaction and preceded the arguments.

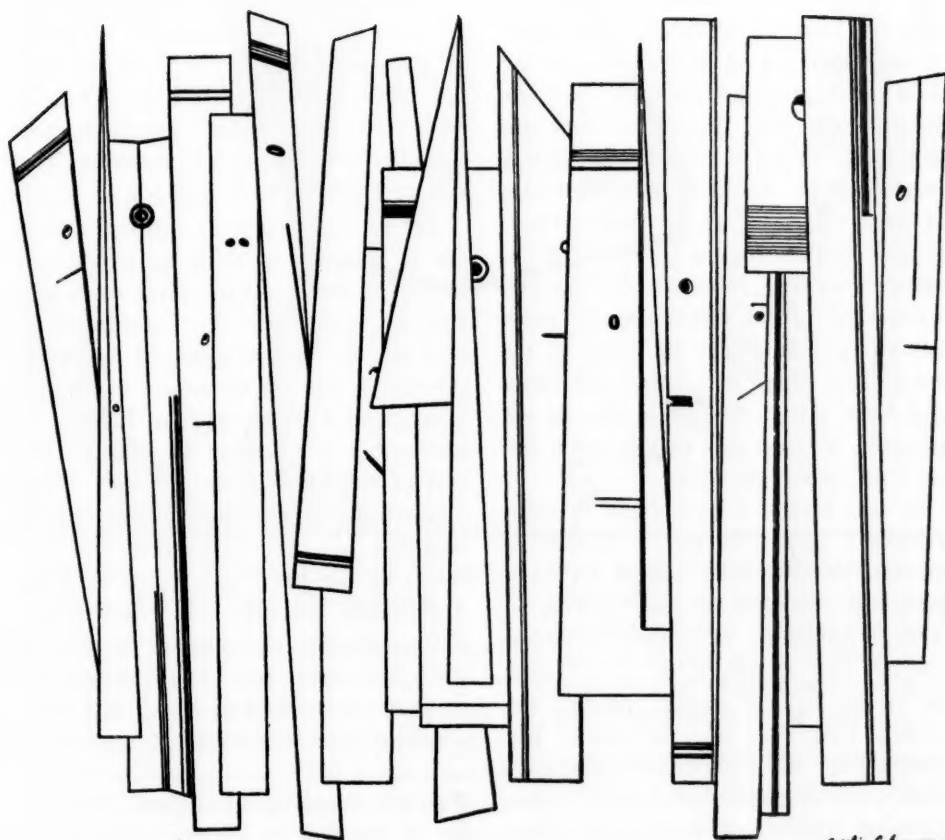
What became evident was a powerful hesitation to acknowledge that in some very important human way they were personally implicated in the fate of Israel even more than in the fate of Hungary, that they had an interest in whether Jews were slaughtered by Arabs or not, that in the end one's interests in this world were not altogether a matter of free choice. It is indeed true, I believe—and true for Jew and Gentile alike—that the struggle against Communist totalitarianism is, as Diana Trilling once put it, "the great moral imperative of our time," and it is indeed true that in this struggle the Hungarians count a great deal and the Israelis count virtually nothing—*symbolically*. Symbolically, but not, I think, politically, and therein lies the trap to which I alluded above.

It is becoming clearer and clearer as time goes on that the great moral imperative of our time can only be effectively obeyed by political—that is, *interested*—means. And politically, thanks to Nasser and the Russians, Israel counts for a very great deal: the Jews were innocently at the center of World War II; they may yet be pushed into the center of World War III, and if that comes to pass, the United States will bear a heavy share of the responsibility. If the United States does not see to it that Israel's existence is guaranteed against the sworn Arab objective to exterminate her, there will be another round of armed warfare between the Israelis and the Arabs, and there will be another opportunity for the Russians to move into the area. There will be another round because, failing active restraint by America, the Arabs will continue to provoke, and Israel, under the inalienable right of self-preservation, will be forced to move. It is in the interest of the United States to insure that justice is done to Israel, and American Jews, who should be alerted by *their* interest as Jews to the special danger of the situation in the Middle East (a danger obviously not fully apparent to our government), are the ones to make that point clear to their fellow Americans. This would be *interested* political action, but for once it would also be action of great service to the disinterested concern for the defeat of totalitarianism: such are the special opportunities presented now and again by the politics of interest.

Yet it is the very last action that the American Jewish intellectual seems capable of taking. The trap into which he has fallen in denying his interests as a Jew for the sake of his commitments as an intellectual and his purity as a political man is to have lost the capacity for scenting special trouble

where others may be insensitive. In denying his interests as a Jew, he has become a victim of abstraction, and abstraction, we have learned, deals a more sudden death to acute political perception than bias. In politics the

price one pays for being a "free spirit" and an "unconditioned" man is the price of blundering ineffectuality. The intellectual's reaction to the Israeli invasion is a case study in unwisdom, both political and personal.



Artistic Signature

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Jordan: Britain's Lost Satellite

By JON KIMCHE

IT WOULD be wrong to write a history of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan, or of its forerunner Transjordan, as if it were a normal state with an independent political organism shaping its policies and destiny in the midst of the Middle Eastern patchwork. It would be equally wrong to treat this state as no more than a puppet responding to the pull of the master's strings. Nor can the quarter century of Jordan's existence be properly evaluated merely in terms of the personality of its first ruler, the Emir, and later King, Abdullah. He is, admittedly, a large part of the story; but far from being all of it.

In this article I have tried to write neither a guide to nor a history of Jordan. What I have sought to do is assess the function of this land in its various guises of mandated territory, emirate and kingdom as, in a sense, the moon to the British sun in the Middle East. For, like the moon, Jordan had no valid existence of its own other than as the reflection of the waxing and waning of British influence and policy in the Middle East from the end of the First World War until November 27, 1956, when Sulaiman al-

Nabulsi, the Jordan Prime Minister, informed the Chamber of Deputies in Amman that his government proposed to abrogate the treaty with Great Britain, effect the withdrawal of all British forces in the Jordan Kingdom and "liquidate" all British bases there. The sun of Great Britain had set.

Let us turn back to the beginning, for it presents us with an exemplary lesson of the fits and starts by which British policy in the Middle East evolved. It was neither as carefully calculated nor as far-seeing as its opponents and critics wish to believe. It was rather a question of making the best of any given situation, and, when opportunity arose, turning it to British imperial use. We now have the evidence of the man who acted as King Abdullah's adviser for twenty-four years and who was present at Abdullah's first entry into Transjordan, regarding the manner in which this independent state stumbled into existence.

IN HIS recently published memoirs (*A Crackle of Thorns*, John Murray, London, 1956), Sir Alec Kirkbride describes how it was generally assumed by all concerned when the Palestine



Mandate was granted to Great Britain that it also included Transjordan.

"His Majesty's Government," he writes, "were too busy setting up a civil administration in Palestine proper, west of the river Jordan, to be bothered about the remote and undeveloped areas which lay to the east of the river and which were intended to serve as a reserve of land for use in the resettlement of Arabs once the National Home for the

Jews in Palestine, which they were pledged to support, became an accomplished fact. There was no intention at that stage of forming the territory east of the river Jordan into an independent Arab state."

Such was the situation in the summer of 1920. A few British officers who had remained in the country helped to create a largely fictitious administration with the help of a number of Arab elders, describing itself with more imag-

ination than accuracy as "the National Government of Moab." This "administration" carried out the discreetly made requests of the British officers; in any case no one in Jerusalem, Cairo or London could be bothered with this corner of the Middle East. There were more urgent conflicts raging in Palestine, Syria and Iraq.

Thus no word reached the outside world in December 1920 that "Field-Marshal" Abdullah had set out for the Transjordan border at the head of some 2,000 tribesmen. The first news of the approach of this force reached the British officers with the National Government of Moab in January 1921. They were not quite certain whether to treat it seriously or not. Abdullah, they were informed, had been bitterly disappointed that he had not been chosen as the King-designate for Iraq. His father, King Hussein of the Hejaz, had thereupon promoted him to the rank of Field-Marshal. But it was typical of Abdullah, then and later, that he never described himself as a field marshal but always acted as one.

Abdullah proceeded to recruit a private army of nearly two thousand men and set out for the town of Ma'an in southern Transjordan which then was still part of his father's Kingdom of the Hejaz. In Ma'an he announced that he proposed to march on Damascus, expel the French, and seize the crown of Syria, of which the French had deprived his brother Feisal. Having announced his intention, Abdullah started to move into Moab. But he was in no hurry. Another trait that was later to serve him well now showed itself in Abdullah's make-up. He watched closely for the British reaction. There was none from either Jerusalem or Cairo; London was far away and had no say. Kirkbride's appeals to Sir Herbert Samuel, the High Commissioner in Jerusalem who was the

authority in charge, produced no guidance. Kirkbride had fifty policemen; was he to resist or to welcome Abdullah, he asked.

After weeks of waiting he received his reply. From the High Commissioner's office came a terse message. It said: "It is considered most unlikely that the Emir Abdullah would advance into territory which is under British control full stop." Two days after Kirkbride had received this reassuring advice from Jerusalem, Abdullah and his men entered the British controlled territory of Moab. Within three months, by March 1921, Abdullah had occupied the whole of Transjordan; it took another four months before the British Government was prepared to recognize both the *fait accompli* and Emir Abdullah, provided he accepted the validity of the British mandate and renounced his intention of conquering Syria.

Abdullah accepted. He was by nature a realist and he understood Middle Eastern politics better than the British. Had he announced that he proposed to occupy Transjordan and set himself up as ruler there, the British would have chased him out in no time, but as he proposed to march on Syria and the French, the British were only too happy to buy him off with the Transjordan emirate. It was only years later, when Kirkbride had come to know Abdullah well, that he surmised that Abdullah had never had the slightest intention of attacking the French in Syria. But this was a technique which the Arab leaders were to develop into a fine art, and none more so than Abdullah. In the end it was to be his triumph—and undoing.

Meanwhile T. E. Lawrence had returned to Amman and arranged a meeting between Abdullah, Herbert Samuel and Churchill. They met in that summer of 1921 (the minutes of

the meeting were not dated) at the Mount of Olives. They talked for half an hour; Abdullah and Transjordan were accepted as part of the new Middle East. "In due course," Kirkbride comments drily, "the remarkable discovery was made that the clauses of the mandate relating to the establishment of the National Home for the Jews had never been intended to apply to the mandated territory east of the river."

IT WAS a strange country in those first days. The military force which was to become the Arab Legion was described by Lawrence as the only body of men in the whole of Transjordan that had no arms. They had armored cars, but these had neither covers nor tires, no spare parts, no lamps and no batteries, no jacks or pumps and no gasoline. The guns had no gun belts, no ammunition and no spare parts; and there were only two drivers available. The more experienced of the two could drive forward, but could not reverse.

It was all part of the picture, for the political and the military origins of Transjordan were both largely compounded of a series of accidents and mishaps which were later confirmed by the authorities alternately by snap decisions or indecisions. It was only some time later that the possibilities of this Transjordanian state for the consolidation of British influence in the Middle East began to suggest itself. The first two men who understood this development with all its implications were not the "Arabists" in British service but the Jewish High Commissioner in Jerusalem, Sir Herbert Samuel, and his "Zionist" Chief Secretary, Sir Wyndham Deedes. It was they, rather than the "Arabists" Lawrence, Philby, Clayton and Cox who first saw the possibilities of Transjordan as an instrument of British policy. They were not confused

by the romantic imagination which led the Arabists in the British foreign service to imagine, or to hope, that Great Britain could base her influence on fully independent Arab states such as Iraq and Transjordan and reap the rewards of such generous friendship. Samuel therefore supported the proposal that Abdullah should be recognized, but he added the proviso that he should also be given a small subsidy and a number of British advisers. Behind this proposal was the growing realization that Britain would not be able to rely entirely on indirect rule in the Middle East, and Transjordan would be one of the centers of British influence unimpaired by the Zionist problem, or for that matter by any of the many problems that beset the British in the years after the war. One could have friendly influence there and military and air bases without complicating clashes with local nationalism.

For a short time, however, St. John Philby, who was the Palestine Administrator's representative in Transjordan, resisted this move toward greater British control over Transjordan. He thought it was wrong, and when he left his position after failing to influence the course of events, he told Abdullah: "You will find that my successor, however friendly, will be your master. I am sorry that my dream of an independent Arab state in Transjordan has not come true, and is never likely to."

In this statement of Philby's lies the clue to many of the difficulties that were to beset the British in the Middle East for the next thirty years. For Philby and almost the entire impressive company of men who served the Arab cause with so much ability and good will, failed in the end because they became essentially the interpreters of the Arabs to the Western world, and not the other way round. They understood and often suffered with the Arab, but

they did not help the Arab to understand to face up to the problems that confronted him. And there was no bigger problem for the Arabs than the British position in the Middle East.

Largely because of the insistence of Samuel and Deedes on retaining the substance of British power in Transjordan, Abdullah began to understand the situation, perhaps better than many of his British advisers and administrators. He did not object. He accepted the mandate. He agreed to the British bases, and to the presence of British troops. In fact, he welcomed them. Furthermore, he was in such acute financial straits that it was imperative to have a regular and substantial source of income. In 1922 his total reserve was £100,000 (at that time \$500,000), and his British subsidy was £80,000 (\$400,000). Thus, with the help of Samuel, Deedes, Philby and Churchill the Transjordan state began to take shape as British policy in the Middle East began to appear more deliberately purposive. In 1922 Britain's Mandate over Transjordan was confirmed. It had its oddity. A Jew could be High Commissioner, the highest authority in the land, and indeed held that position; but according to the amendments to the Mandate, no Jew could own land in Transjordan, and all the other specifically Jewish provisions of the Palestine Mandate were also excluded.

FROM now on British policy in the Middle East was based on two principal centers of influence: Palestine and Transjordan. It was not long before the Transjordan relationship was to set the pattern which was to become the prototype for British policy-making in the Middle East. Transjordan and Abdullah became the controlling levers for direct British policy in the Arab world. It seemed an effective and workable solution—until the British

lost their nerve in partnering the remarkable Abdullah.

The years that followed were comparatively uneventful when set against the turmoil in the rest of the Middle East, but it was precisely during these years that the future of British policy, and of Transjordan, began to take on specific political shapes and the functional role allotted to Abdullah and his country emerged as a factor in current Middle Eastern politics. The formal landmarks were simple enough: in 1922 the League of Nations approved the British Mandate over Transjordan, a year later in April 1923 Sir Herbert Samuel drove in state to Amman and there announced to the assembled notables the formula that was to regulate British and Transjordan relations for the next thirty-three years. Samuel proclaimed that,

"Subject to the approval of the League of Nations, His Majesty's Government will recognize the existence of an independent Government in Transjordan under the rule of His Highness the Emir Abdullah, provided that such a Government is constitutional and places his Britannic Majesty's Government in a position to fulfil its international obligations in respect of the territory by means of an agreement to be concluded between the two Governments."

On May 25, 1923, the independence of Transjordan was formally proclaimed and in 1928 the Basic Law was published which was to serve as its Constitution. During these years Transjordanian independence was also defended and asserted against the marauding border tribes and later, with the active help of the R.A.F., against the attempted infiltrations of the Wahabi warriors of King ibn Saud. It was in fact this constant border warfare between the settled parts of Trans-

jordan and the unsettled desert border regions that called forth the British organized Desert Patrol which was to become the Arab Legion and finally the Jordanian Army. The success of the border war and of the struggle to establish some kind of accepted order among the border tribes of Transjordan were cited as evidence that, despite the mandatory restrictions, Transjordan was in fact becoming a genuinely independent state. As further evidence most British textbooks cite the impressive fact that by 1924 the number of British officials in Transjordan was not more than five.

But this evolution of Transjordan was in fact a standing warning to students not to mistake the form for the substance. The reality was that with every further step toward the consolidation of the Abdullah regime in Transjordan, its dependence on the British became greater and not smaller. By 1928 when Transjordan's Basic Law of Independence was promulgated, the country had become dependent entirely on British financial support for its budget, on British military support to maintain order among the desert tribes and protect the country from invasion by Saudi Arabia, and on British political support to meet the pressures of the stirring Arab nationalism. It really did not matter in this context whether there were five or fifty British advisers in Amman, for there was a powerful British administrative and military apparatus in Jerusalem, only two hours' drive from Abdullah's palace, and British troops could move freely through Transjordan. That was the reality.

But for all that, the British had their weakness, and Abdullah came to understand it much sooner than the Zionists or anyone else. He had, in a way, tumbled to it when he had arrived on his imaginary expedition into Syria. The British, he found, were almost

over-anxious to avoid this development, so much so that they were prepared to let Abdullah take over Transjordan without further ado provided he dropped his Syrian aspirations. This was the first fascinating instance of how Abdullah set about to play the active rather than the passive puppet. He was to give an extraordinary display of how a poor ruler of a small state can effectively play politics from positions of weakness rather than from strength.

ABDULLAH had an almost sixth sense for the realities of power politics; he understood better than any other Arab leader that the only way in which he could turn the British connection into something that would also help along his own very considerable ambitions was by making himself indispensable to the British in the Middle East. It was a dangerous game, full of subtleties and contradictions. But Abdullah was well qualified to play it. And he, furthermore, had his secret weapon in dealing with the British. None of his many British friends and advisers, with the exception of Sir Alec Kirkbride, seemed ever to suspect Abdullah's understanding for this fundamental British weakness in the Middle East. It was to play a decisive role in the decline of British influence in the years that still lay some distance ahead.

During his first serious encounter with the British, in January 1922, Abdullah realized that the one thing which the British moderates could not tolerate or understand were fellow-moderates in politics. On the other hand, they invariably took note of the extremist and were prepared to meet his demands by a compromise solution which usually offered much more than the extremist had hoped for in his wildest dreams. Abdullah had experienced this with his march on Damascus. He was now carefully assimilating

the lessons of that experience, and he was in no hurry to apply them.

Unhurriedly and deliberately, Abdullah began to adjust himself to the indirect but complete British rule of Transjordan. He gathered a small group of notables, tribal leaders and landlords and shaped them into his government. Among them were names that still reappeared in the Jordanian government lists thirty-five years later. Aboul Huda, Ibrahim Hashim and others. There was no Parliament, and no public opinion. Abdullah ruled and Abdullah decided; and as long as he did not cross British interests all was well.

Yet Abdullah was looking ahead. It seemed to him that the British had failed to see the possibilities of their position in Transjordan; they were inclined to sit on their bayonets and feel that the combination of Palestine and Transjordan, linked with the British bases in Egypt and Iraq, gave them all they needed for maintaining control and influence over the Middle East. Abdullah was more sensitive to the political undercurrents, and also more ambitious. Once the security of his emirate had been clearly established on its open desert front, Abdullah's mind turned to wider horizons.

He did not commit himself, however, in any one direction. He established close contacts with the Jewish Agency in Jerusalem, with leading politicians in Syria and with Nuri es Said and his circle in Iraq. He also encouraged and harbored active opponents of King ibn Saud. But at no stage was Abdullah in any way disloyal to his British connection. He was feeling his way and waiting for his opportunity. It came as war approached. But first Abdullah and Transjordan had to negotiate a period of exceptional political difficulties. In 1936 when the Arab revolt against the British and the Jews in Palestine began

to spread, there were strong pressures on Abdullah to allow the Arab insurgents under Fawzi el Kaukji to use Transjordan as a refuge and as a base for operations in Palestine. At the same time the army coup in Iraq by General Bakr Sidqi caused the flight from Iraq of Nuri es Said and of those politicians with whom Abdullah was wont to work and consult. King ibn Saud maintained his total hostility to Abdullah and Transjordan.

Yet another complication pressed on Abdullah. His arch-enemy, the Mufti, was in a difficult situation in Palestine. The general strike of all Arab workers which he had organized and maintained was becoming ruinous for the Arab population and unpopular in the country. The Mufti and the Arab Higher Committee were not prepared to risk the consequence to their reputation if they called off the strike; but what was more important to them was that the strike was really intended to act as a diversion to draw British attention away from the assembling of the insurgent bands in the hills of Samaria. However the British administration at the time was convinced that all that was necessary was a face-saving formula to enable the Higher Committee to call off the strike.

Meanwhile the Higher Committee had also realized that if they did not end it, the strike would most probably collapse on their hands; on the other hand, they did not want to take the responsibility for a withdrawal. While the British appealed to Abdullah, the Mufti appealed to the Kings of Saudi-Arabia and Iraq to provide the alibi for ending the strike. On October 10, 1936, Abdullah, ibn Saud and King Ghazi of Iraq addressed identical messages to the Arab Higher Committee to cease further bloodshed and to place their trust in "the good intentions of our friend Great Britain, who has de-

clared that she will do justice." Next day the Mufti announced that in response to the appeal he called off the strike. It was only later that Abdullah learned that he had been fooled by the Mufti and by Ibn Saud.

For the Mufti calling off the General Strike was merely the prelude for more bloody forms of intervention. Ibn Saud was also not too much concerned with avoiding further bloodshed in Palestine. He dispatched his Foreign Minister, Faud Hamza, to Germany to negotiate the supply of arms to the Palestine rebels. These were in the first instance to be delivered to Jedda in Arabia and then to be transported through Transjordan to the insurgents in Palestine. Fuad Hamza made the deal with the Germans and so impressed them that they put him in touch with Admiral Canaris, the chief of German Intelligence. But just as the ship was about to sail with its arms destined for Palestine (or Transjordan?) via Saudi Arabia, the Germans discovered that Fuad was also working for the British Intelligence Service. The shipment of arms was halted as it was about to sail. Fuad Hamza returned to Saudi Arabia where he died suddenly and prematurely during the war.

THESE developments had a profound influence on Abdullah and the British. They concluded that yet one more instrument of direct rule was necessary if Great Britain was to be able to assert her authority in the face of increasing rebellions against the established authority. From this reappraisal emerged the Arab Legion. But it was again Abdullah's long view that was decisive. He did not want a Transjordan army recruited purely from Transjordanians; he wanted an Arab army, an Arab Legion drawn from volunteers from all Arab countries.

And so emerged the force that was to

have an important function in the subsequent evolution of Transjordan and of British policy. Like so many other features of the Middle East, it was to be transformed by World War II. But in 1939 when Brigadier Glubb took over this mixed force, it was made up of the gendarmerie, the police, the prison officers and the passport personnel and men of the specially recruited Desert Patrol. At the time when Glubb took over, the force consisted of 47 officers and 1,577 men, but most of these were tied down to patrol and police work. Two years later, during the pro-Nazi uprising in Iraq, the Arab Legion could only spare 250 men to put into the field against the Iraqi insurgents.

While the Arab Legion was raised principally to look after the desert frontiers of Transjordan, a second force of some 700 men was raised mainly in Palestine and the Transjordan towns to patrol the Palestinian frontier. This force was staffed almost entirely by British officers. Furthermore as British and Australian reinforcements arrived in Palestine, Abdullah began to worry much less about the local threats to his position; once the Russians entered the war he felt increasingly convinced that the majority of Arabs were wrong in their belief that the Germans would emerge as victors, and he, alone perhaps among the Arab statesmen, began to think politically about the future.

His ideas had taken shape in the twenty years since he had come to Transjordan. He had also progressed in the field of politics. He had been working patiently, together with Nuri es Said, in educating the British and in organizing their sympathizers in Palestine, Syria and Iraq. The idea which took hold of many intellectuals and politicians was that what was needed was "an Arab Prussia" to unite the Arab world, if need be by force. Both

Abdullah and Nuri were by 1941 convinced that this was the way out, and both also believed that this plan was feasible only with the support and active help of the British. Perhaps the only major issue on which Abdullah and Nuri differed was as to who should be the "Arab Bismarck." Abdullah felt that it required a royal personage; Nuri, that it called for a politician and statesman.

But both were active in London. Both had direct and friendly links with Anthony Eden, who had until May 1940 cooled his heels as Secretary of State for the Dominions, and had time to assimilate the memoranda and arguments which the two pressed on him. When in May 1940 Eden returned to the Foreign Office in the Churchill administration, both Abdullah and Nuri intensified their private urging for a more comprehensive Arab policy by the British government. It is at this point that it is worth while to pause and consider this unusual relationship of puppet and string-puller. For now opened one of the most remarkable phases of Transjordanian development, one in which "the puppet-king" was leading the master.

Eden gave the cue to Abdullah in a speech at the Mansion House on May 29, 1941, immediately after the successful suppression of the Iraqi revolt. The British Government, he announced, would support any scheme designed to bring about greater Arab unity which was severally approved. It was not intended at that stage to be more than an encouraging phrase. But Abdullah ignored that aspect. He grasped at the opportunity which the Eden statement had created. A period of intense political activity followed, designed to create a number of *faits accomplis* in order to commit the British along this new line of policy. It was not the British who were now pushing Abdullah to fall in

with their wishes; it was Abdullah who was coaxing the British along the road he wanted them to follow, and the British followed.

But here Abdullah miscalculated. He wanted Arab unity as a means of restoring Arab rule (through himself) in Damascus and so building up a formidable counter-weight to the rise of ibn Saud in his native Arabia. The British wanted Arab unity as a way of spreading their influence with the least possibility of trouble and instability in the region. This Abdullah failed to recognize. He did not foresee that his objectives and those of the British were bound to clash before long. But meanwhile he went happily ahead.

ON JULY 1, 1941, The Transjordanian Council of Ministers passed a resolution in favor of greater Arab unity. Two weeks later, the British Government responded with another statement which Abdullah and his friends interpreted as further encouragement. The British said that Arab unity was a matter for the Arabs alone. Hopes now rose high in Amman. Another month passed, and on September 13, 1941, the British Minister of State in Cairo, Oliver Lyttleton, passed through Amman. Abdullah now put his cards on Lyttleton's table: he asked for British support to unite Syria, the Lebanon, Palestine and Transjordan. Once again the British reply was equivocal, but to Abdullah it was encouraging. He was told that "his endeavours would not be obstructed."

Abdullah now began to work toward the immediate execution of his idea. He approached leading Syrians and received encouraging replies but no clear indication that they intended to take any political action. He also established conspiratorial contacts with the Druze and with the Jewish underground in Palestine. But suddenly he

began to falter and to be uncertain. To those who worked with him during this period, it seemed that suddenly something had happened to discourage him for the time being. Whether it was the Rommel advance toward Cairo, or a strongly worded British warning that this was not the time, or whether the French had learned of his plans and had intervened in London, is not clear. In all probability all three events descended concurrently on Abdullah. He had to give up his plan of taking over Syria under the guise of extending Arab unity. But that was not all.

The French had become alarmed by Abdullah's machinations. They attributed them entirely to the British. They were convinced that Abdullah and Transjordan had become twin spearheads in a British endeavor to drive the French out of the Middle East. They now threw all their weight into the scales against Abdullah. In a contest between Arab unity and allied unity, the Arabs were bound to be the losers. Abdullah had no choice but hand the Bismarckian torch to Nuri while he reappraised his own situation.

One thing was clear to Abdullah. He would not fall out with the British. He had tried to carry them along with his imaginative conception, and he had failed. The next thing to do was to find a second best solution that would do him and Transjordan the least possible damage. He and Nuri met on many occasions, and in the end Nuri produced a proposal for "A Fertile Crescent Scheme" which Abdullah studied and later approved. It went considerably further than Abdullah's plan for a Greater Syria, and, this was its disturbing aspect for Abdullah, that it had too many political imponderables. Nuri proposed the union of Transjordan, Syria, the Lebanon and Palestine, but had left it to democratic

decision who should rule and what kind of government system was to be formed. Nuri felt that this was something that could be "arranged" provided it was properly planned. Abdullah was more skeptical. The second point of Nuri's proposal was for a League of Arab States to be formed by Iraq and this Greater Syrian confederation. Neither Egypt nor Saudi Arabia was mentioned by name. Nuri's draft only mentioned that other Arab States could apply for admission. A month after the victory at El Alamein, when the German tide had clearly turned, Nuri submitted his proposals to Richard G. Casey, an Australian who succeeded Lyttleton as Minister of State in Cairo.

But it was not long before Abdullah realized that there was little hope of achieving his objectives along this road. The British were not going to risk their base in Egypt by so flagrant an insult to Egyptian nationalism. Abdullah himself could not have cared less. He had complete contempt for the Egyptians and for their king.

And so once again Abdullah turned to direct Transjordan's affairs in the light of British interests and prospects, for that way lay his only hope. But in doing so, Abdullah remembered his first experience in Transjordan. It paid to pitch one's demands high when dealing with the British. Abdullah did not abate his demands. In October 1944 he created a great stir in the Arab world by publishing his full plans in the so-called Hashimi Book. They were welcomed by the nationalists in Syria, but they were denounced in the strongest terms by the Lebanese Christians. Once again, the French were certain that this was a calculated British move directed against them.

Abdullah followed the pattern which he had mapped out for himself as the best way of dealing with the British.

He continued to press for British support for his plans, and cried out his bitter disillusionment at the British failure to support him. At the same time he began to hint that his anger might be assuaged if Transjordan were no longer kept under mandatory tutelage but, like Iraq, were to become an independent kingdom bound by a treaty of alliance to Great Britain. And so, twenty-five years after Abdullah's first entry into Amman as ruler of Transjordan, the Council of Ministers sent a request to London for complete independence. This was six weeks after the end of the war in Europe, on June 27, 1945. Six months later, on January 17, 1946, Ernest Bevin announced at the session of the first Assembly of the United Nations, that Transjordan would become a sovereign independent state and its ruler would be *King Abdullah*. On May 14, 1946, Transjordan was proclaimed an independent state and eleven days later Abdullah was crowned its king.

Abdullah had been bitterly disappointed when he visited London earlier in the year and was told firmly by the Foreign Secretary, Ernest Bevin, that the British Government could not support his campaign for a Greater Syria, that the British rested their policy from now on upon the enlarged Arab League, that they had hopes of reaching an agreement with Egypt and that Britain's economic need made it necessary for her to cut down her commitments in the Middle East. Bevin referred in particular to the difficult British position in Palestine, and made a passing reference which alarmed Abdullah. Bevin had spoken with some impatience about the Zionists and the support which they received in the United States. If there was no other way, he told Abdullah, Britain would hand the Mandate over to the United Nations. It was a premature statement

made out of pique rather than calculation, but to Abdullah it was a red light signalling that he had better be on his guard.

AFTER his return to Transjordan Abdullah took stock. This was a very different situation. He and Transjordan had not done badly. The country was independent as far as circumstances permitted and he was king. The country was also more prosperous and was developing rapidly. But above all, he had now at his disposal an instrument of power which was second to none in the Arab world: the Arab Legion. There was no Arab army to equal it. It could march to and take Mecca in thirty-six hours, he told me that summer. But he had learned his lesson after a quarter of a century's association with the British: to them Transjordan was essentially a passive instrument of policy—a base, a friendly spokesman at the Arab League, a potential ally in the hour of need.

Abdullah had learned that there was no activist trend in British Middle Eastern politics. It wanted to hold on to what it had, to keep friendly relations with the Arabs, to protect the oil fields with the presence of physical force in the region and to change as little as was necessary. The French and the Jews in Palestine were considered as nuisance factors that interfered with this basic maintenance of British interests. The sooner, therefore, the French left Syria and the Lebanon, the better; and the sooner the Zionist position in Palestine was defined and contained, the better would be Britain's prospect of continued amicable relations with the Arab world.

Abdullah was convinced at the time that had the British not lost their nerve and backed his Greater Syria project against the French and the Egyptians, the whole outlook for Britain in the

Middle East would have been different. He thought that 1946 was the opportune moment and 1947 was—though more dubious—still not too late. But by that time, Abdullah became preoccupied with a more urgent problem. He decided that Syria was too much for him to handle without British support, and once again he urged Nuri es-Said to turn Iraq's attention to Syria. Abdullah wanted a free hand to deal with a problem that he saw coming nearer home: the partition of Palestine.

In the late spring of 1947 he concluded a treaty of alliance and brotherhood with Iraq which included a revealing clause permitting military intervention by one partner in the home affairs of the other if there was an attempt at subversion. Then came Abdullah's decisive summer. He wanted to know what the British intended to do with Palestine? In answer to his enquiries, which rarely produced a straightforward answer, he was able to piece together the extraordinary *ad hoc* role which Transjordan would be called upon to play—at last to justify her existence and the considerable support which Great Britain had lavished on the Transjordan kingdom.

WHILE the Arab states met first at Bludan, then at Aley, and lastly in Amman itself, to complete their plans of intervention should the United Nations decide on the partition of Palestine, Abdullah and the British reached an understanding. A great deal of research and interviewing of the principal persons concerned have not revealed any cut-and-dried arrangement as to what should be Abdullah's role after the British withdrawal from Palestine. But there appears to have been an arrangement between Ernest Bevin, on behalf of the British Government, and King Abdullah that the

latter should occupy and hold certain parts of Palestine after the British withdrawal, and that these parts would not be confined to those allotted to the Palestine Arabs in the partition resolution.

As one of the principal negotiators at the time explained it to me (he still holds an important official position and cannot be named), the British Government allotted to Abdullah the function of confining the Palestine Jews to a much smaller area than the United Nations had proposed. It was to be the function of Transjordan to occupy and hold Haifa, Jaffa and the area to the south, and also as much as possible of the Negev so as to maintain a broad land bridge between the Arab parts of Palestine and the Jaffa-Gaza region, and provide a land-link with Egypt. In British eyes the success of this move would have repaid the long years of nursing Transjordan for just such an eventuality. It nearly came off, but not quite. And, as it turned out, the half success was worse than none. For it loaded Transjordan with all the difficulties of the new situation without any of the redeeming features which it would have had, had the Bevin-Abdullah arrangement succeeded.

The failure brought in its train the disasters that have since overtaken the Hashemite Kingdom. Despite the added territory, and the thrill of being crowned King of Jerusalem, the new Kingdom of Jordan was politically and economically less viable than the old. When in 1948 the Arab Legion failed to complete its assignment in Palestine, and had to withdraw even from such Arab positions as Lydda and Ramle, and when later it had to give up Beit Jibrin and Wadi Ara, its failure doomed the principal British hope. In the hour of crisis, the Abdullah card, including the magical Arab Legion, had failed the British. Jordan had, in

fact, lost its *raison d'être* for the British. From now on it became more of a liability than an asset.

One reason for the failure was the over-reliance on the Arab Legion as a power in the region. The other was the myth about the popularity of Glubb Pasha with the Bedouin. Both failed when put to the test. Glubb's position, in particular, was greatly overrated. He was not a confidant of Abdullah in many of his schemes; he was not master of Jordan except when Abdullah wanted him to execute police measures to sustain the regime. This applied almost equally to the British as a whole.

They might have used Abdullah for their plans in the Middle East—if they had had any plans. As it was, it was more often Abdullah who had the plans and used the British. In a sense, the British confined themselves to restricting Abdullah's activities rather than encouraging them, except on the one major issue in the invasion of Palestine, and even then the British attitude was not really known to the Transjordanians, other than the king and some of his close confidants.

Similarly, when it came to settling the armistice with Israel, it was the king and not Glubb or the Army who took the decisions that mattered. After that Abdullah tried once more. There had been some very tentative talks between him and Reuven Shiloah at the beginning of 1950. Nothing had as yet been agreed upon, but Abdullah wanted to know where he stood with the British. He inquired whether he would have British support if he were expelled from the Arab League as a result of making a settlement with Israel. He was told not to isolate himself from the rest of the Arab world. Abdullah took the hint. There were no further peace talks.

This was also the end of the usefulness of the Jordan Kingdom, for when

it had to do what the majority of the Arab League demanded, it lost all freedom of action either as pawn of the British or as a possible initiator of new policies that might be supported by the British.

BY THE summer of 1950 there was little British sun left which the Jordanian moon could still reflect in terms of their relationship of thirty years. The assassination of Abdullah a year later merely emphasized the changed relationship. What followed was little more than a parody of Abdullah's previous policies: the confusion of King Talal's brief reign that ended in madness, the attempts of Iraq and Saudi Arabia to make the most of this interregnum. It was during this short period that the Arab Legion under General Glubb played its most important part; it was the one stable and powerful element in the country, and it ensured the ordered continuation of affairs. But it could do no more than that, though it became more numerous and powerful. The Arab Legion grew from 4,000 men at the time of the Palestine war to 16,000. Its British subsidy increased from £2½ million to £12 million. But for all that, it was no longer the "Arab Legion" as Abdullah had conceived it, a pan-Arab prototype, an elite of volunteers. Within five years of Abdullah's death it had become in fact a mercenary force in which the Transjordanians were a minority, and which had become a center of intrigue and propaganda among soldiers and officers alike. It could no longer act in defence of the dynasty; it could no longer ensure peace on the borders with Israel; and by the end of November 1956 it had also lost its independent status. By the agreement of October 24, 1956, the Jordan Army, as it has been renamed, was placed under the Supreme Command

of the Egyptian Commander-in-Chief, General Hakim Amer, together with the Syrian and Saudi Arabian forces.

At this time also, an Iraqi Brigade and two Syrian Brigades entered Jordan and stayed there. In Aqaba and in Mafrack a force of about 3,000 British also remained, but they could hardly be described as an influence. The essence of the situation was that the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan had lost the justification for its existence. By the end of 1956 Jordan had become a Middle Eastern anachronism, a state that cried out for partition, for it could no longer answer any of the purposes for which it had been created.

It was no longer the handmaiden of the British; as a military and air base it was more of a liability than an asset; it could not solve, or even handle adequately, the problem of the Palestine Arab refugees; it could not do a thing about developing the water resources of the Jordan Valley; it is no longer a buffer state between Egypt and Iraq—on the contrary, it is the intermediary for transmitting Egyptian hostility to the Iraqi border; it is no longer the pioneer of Arab unity or of a Greater Syria; it has no means of independent existence except as an economic parasite on its Arab neighbors; and it has no longer an armed force on which it can rely to defend its independence. Such states are doomed.

SO GOES the story of Transjordan and later of Jordan. It cannot be told as a political history of governments and parties. These had nothing to do with it. It cannot be told in terms of trade and economy, for these, too, are artificial and unimportant. It cannot be told in terms of public opinion and education because neither played any role in the formative years of Abdullah's reign. They appeared only in the last few years to cheer the country on to its ruin. It cannot be told in terms of the Palestinian influence after the 1948 debacle, for that too is a separate story: an aftermath of the failure of the British experiment in Transjordan, not its cause. The Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan had failed in the only two opportunities that offered it (and its British sponsor) any future in the Middle East. It failed to defeat the Jews of Palestine and establish the Kingdom of Jordan as a viable state, and it failed later to reach a settlement with Israel which would have enabled Jordan to solve her most pressing problems. The failure of Jordan on both counts was also the failure of the British in the Middle East. That is the real story of the Hashemite Kingdom and of the vanishing British influence in the Middle East: a great Empire lacked the vision, the imagination and the daring to act while there was time.

The Making of a Clerk

By LEO E. LITWAK

IT WAS strange that Harris should have been guilty of the first viciousness. He had come to the Southern encampment as a recruit. The skeleton of the division was constituted of regular army personnel, rough men with weathered faces, and the division was padded with draftees. Harris had sprawled on the corner bed and stared at the ceiling, and from that moment withdrew from the politics of barracks life. He endured orders, withstood the hazing of non-coms who were aggravated by his inaccessibility, and finally achieved immunity; he became the man in the corner. While the others were formed into what the army intended them to be, Harris maintained himself unaltered through the months of basic training, through the ardors of field maneuvers, a tall man with long hard muscles down his arms and back and across his shoulders.

A new man had come and they all watched him empty his duffel bag, all but Harris, who lay on his stomach, his face toward the corner, deliberately inattentive. The newcomer was awkward enough without attention. His name was Kaghan. He was short, fat, with an undefined pudgy face. He had taken the bed next to Harris. He unknotted his duffel bag, extracted four books and placed them on the shelf.

"Get your stuff over on your side," Harris said without stirring.

"I'm sorry," Kaghan said and stacked the books in a pile on his side of the shelf. He unrolled the mattress and removed his bedding from the duffel bag. He flapped the sheet and edged to the foot of the bed to tuck it in. In doing so, he bumped Harris' foot-locker.

Harris raised himself on one elbow and for the first time looked at the newcomer. "Put that back just like you found it!"

"What?"

"I want that foot-locker exactly the way it was. Don't go messing with my stuff."

"I didn't mean to—"

"Just put it back!"

Kaghan had not yet experienced the rigors of a barracks inspection, nor was he familiar with military peevishness. Harris leaped up, pushed

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him aside, and carefully adjusted the locker until it again conformed to regulations.

"You trying to louse me up?"

"It was an accident," Kaghan answered guiltily.

"Look. I'll take care of my own troubles. Don't make me any more."

"It wasn't on purpose."

"Drop dead!" Harris stepped over the foot of his bed and sprawled out again.

"Hey, Cherry," Vianca called, sitting up. "Old Harris got himself a pet. I never seen him palsy-walsy so fast."

Cherry grinned and Vianca, encouraged, jumped up. He was a wiry, hunched little man with a big nose and lively eyes and loose lips. He did not articulate easily and trumpeted the words which came to him with much effort. He scurried over to Kaghan. "You made yourself a real friend, Pal. I never seen Harris so palsy-walsy. He didn't bite your head off, hey? You're real lucky, Pal."

Kaghan attempted a placating grin.

"I'm new at this. I've only been in the army two weeks."

"Hear that, Cherry? We got a voigin in the barracks. Fatty is a civilian."

"He sho looks fo-F to me," Cherry drawled.

"Boy! Will they take that fat off you, Pal," Vianca blared.

"Aint it a pity?" contributed Novak now that Cherry had set the tone. "Aint it a pity? A nice little fat kid like that?"

"Hey, Kid," Vianca howled, leaning toward Kaghan. "Novak's got his eye on you. Watch where you sit, boy."

"'Notha week-end in ca-ump," reflected Cherry, "and there aint one of us won't think he aint pretty."

Kaghan resumed emptying his duffel bag. He took out his mess kit and his canteen and his canteen cover and his infantry pack and arranged them on the sheet.

"Hey, what's your name, kid?" Vianca pressed, not moving. "Two-bits you're a college boy, hey?"

Kaghan removed his fatigue shirt and trousers and smoothed them out.

"Hey, kid. You a college boy? I bet you're a college boy, hey? You got the schnozz and the fat behind. What you say, Cherry? Think we got a college boy?"

"Ask him can he type," Cherry suggested.

"He reads books. Hey, kid, can you type? You going to be a clerk, kid? We got a college boy is a clerk in Company headquarters. How come they send you with the front-line troops?"

Kaghan's gear was spread in front of him. He pulled over the empty foot-locker and began the transfer.

"He don't talk, Cherry. Maybe he aint a college boy," he guffawed.

"We got a Sidney. Sidney," he parodied, "you brought mit you a salami? Haw, haw, haw."

VIANCA was an entertaining clown. The men were bored with a resentment they could not relieve. They were oppressed by continuing harassments, a speed march being only the most recent. And this new man, still pudgy and unmarked, his gear a fresh olive drab, was something they could get at. They wanted him absorbed and oppressed as they were. The mere suspicion that he might in some way evade the system, escape the hikes and bayonet drill and range and inspection, was enough to infuriate; and the bookish air—and the books—were a threat that he might escape, that he might manage the luxury of a clerical position.

"Hey, college boy, got somethin to read?" Vianca scrambled for the shelf but Sidney jumped in front of him, his fists bunched at his chest. "Hey, whatsamatta? Won't you let a pal have somethin to read for the john? Be a pal, huh, and give old Vianca somethin to read." He lunged past Sidney and grabbed for the books. Sidney shoved him and Harris' garrison cap tumbled from the shelf.

Harris got up and pushed Vianca into the middle of the barracks and shouldered Sidney onto the bed. "Alright. Listen, Vianca. Stay away from my stuff, hear? You itchy-fingered crumb. Get over where you belong."

"Hey, whatcha think." Vianca bellowed. "Fatty won't give a pal somethin for to take in the john with him. Wot's he think—maybe I aint educated? Haw! Haw! Haw!"

Harris considered Kaghan who was still on the bed where he had been shoved. "I thought I told you to stay away from my gear."

"I want that book," Sidney said.

"Keep away. Hear?" warned Harris.

"I want my book."

Harris replaced his garrison cap, glared around the barracks, and lay down again.

Vianca sidled down the barracks toward Cherry, flipping the pages of the book he had captured. "Jeesus! Wow! What a book! Hey, Cherry, listen to this." With an unerring flip he had opened Freud's *Psychopathology of Everyday Life* to a passage he could understand. "No kiddin. This is really hot stuff. Listen to this, Cherry." He stumbled through a paragraph interspersed with comprehensible language. They all listened. Novak whistled.

"Les see that book." Cherry stretched up and took the book from Vianca. He jammed the pillow under his head, crossed his legs, and read silently. He let the book drop after a moment, frowning.

"How about it, hey? Diden I tell you?"

Cherry stood up. His arms were sleek with hard fat. His shoulders were spotted with freckles. His hands were raw and his fingers thick and blunt. His brow was heavy and strongly ridged, and he frowned. Then he took one violent step and heaved the book across the barracks against the wall of the sergeant's cubicle. It rebounded and skidded in front of Kaghan's foot-locker. Cherry leaned forward, on his toes, as if ready to do violence to the owner of the book, but turned away instead.

Kaghan meekly picked up the book. Vianca squatted down by Novak and they whispered together, both seeming conspiratorial and dangerous. Sidney put his writing tablet on his knee and pretended to scribble a letter.

Only after the sergeant came through and turned off the lights did he go to bed. He crouched under his bed-clothes and listened to the sounds of the men bedding down. Much later, tiring of his vigil, he fell asleep.

"UP AND at em!" The brutal voice set the tone to the day. It was five o'clock and the naked lights were harsh. Harris was out of bed and in his shoes and off to the latrine while Sidney lay momentarily stunned. He answered roll-call and returned to the barracks for his mess-kit. The kitchen was being readied for field duty and the KPs were busy preparing field equipment. Sidney avoided the table where Novak and Vianca sat. He spent the morning doing as the others did, trying to avoid any clumsiness which would have called attention to himself. The sergeant came through to inspect bunks and foot-lockers.

"Kaghan?" he asked. "You don't come out with the company. The First Sergeant wants to see you. You have to pick up supplies and get checked up on your shots."

"What did I tell you?" said Novak when the sergeant left. "He's got an in. They're gonna make him a clerk. Did you ever see one of em in a combat outfit? Soon as one of em shows up they pull em out before they can get dirty. Diden I tell you?"

"Hey, college boy," Vianca called, "give it to me easy when you make up the duty roster, hey?" Before they could further harry him the sergeant returned and herded them out.

The First Sergeant was a regular army man. His routine was simple. It excluded novelty. He was sensitive only to disrupting elements and had cultivated much shrewdness in eliminating these elements. Kaghan's service record indicated a disrupter. The intelligence score was too high. The education was too extensive. He intended setting Kaghan on the right track at the very beginning. He told him to forget his college education—that was excess baggage and would only get him in trouble. Just take orders and follow them. They'd get along alright if Kaghan stayed on the ball. And he, the First Sergeant, would crack down without any consideration should Kaghan step out of line. Was that clear?

Sidney collected a gas mask and mosquito netting from supply and went down to the dispensary in the afternoon to get a typhus shot.

Cherry returned to the barracks long after chow. He didn't leave the kitchen until the KPs were finished. The KPs didn't mind Cherry. He wasn't abusive or bullying as many of the kitchen personnel were. In the mess hall he set aside his barrack habits. He was also esteemed a good cook and didn't despise the reputation. But when his work was done he was once again truculent and bitter and dangerous. Then he would close down the kitchen, throw his fatigue jacket over his shoulder, pick up the unlabelled bottle of whiskey and return to the barracks.

He was very generous with his whiskey. He set the bottle down on his foot-locker and slouched down on his bed. Vianca came over for a swig. Then Vianca offered the bottle to Novak and the men in the barracks woke up. They clustered around Cherry's bed and passed the bottle, whose course was supervised by Vianca. Cherry, stretched out on his bed, carelessly rolled a cigarette, the tobacco spilling over on his undershirt. There was always someone to offer a light and he smoked without taking the cigarette from his mouth. His hands were behind his head, a posture which emphasized the joints where his massive chest bulged into the shoulders and arms. His face and arms were ruddy and his shoulders and chest and throat pale. The men squatted around him, some on the neighboring beds, some on his bed, two seated on the foot-locker, and after the whiskey had passed several times and the bottle was low, Cherry began talking. It was a monotonous voice, uninflected, and it convincingly retailed brutal stories of himself in the halcyon civilian days, stories of violence and lust. When the whiskey was gone, one of the men was sent to the PX for beer and the stories continued, others chiming in with anecdotes intended to rival Cherry's. He listened with casual attention, made no comments, and when they paused, resumed his telling. He, Cherry, was once a short-order cook in a diner outside of Atlanta. They got the highway trade, truckers, and tourists, and sometimes the Country Club set.

"This rich gal comes in," he said. "She's wi' a bald fatty trailin her lahk a bird dog. They druv up in a Cadillac convuhtible. She's givin Fatty a hard time and ol Fatty's getting up steam. That wuz a woman, okay. She wuz blond. About twenty-two. And she gets a rise out of me jus by sittin theah by the counteh not doin nothin. She got all the fixins lahk ah nevah seed. 'Fatty heah bothrin you?' ah asks her. She says it gonna take a re-uhl man to botha her; no little man lahk that evah gonna botha her. Old Fatty jus whips aroun and scrams. He hightails it into that Cadillac and he's off. 'Ah'm the kind of man gonna botha you, Baby,' ah says. She tells me she's heard big talk befo. She says all she's heard is big talk. Ah says big talk aint the only big thing about me, ah says; any tahm she wants to be showed ah's plenty willin."

"I bet you showed her alright, Cherry," Vianca chimed in with a cackle.

"Ah showed her lahk no one evah showed her befo and lahk no one's evah goin to. She had to come to ol Cherry to find out how it's done."

"She really went for it, hey?"

"That goddam rich babe," Cherry spat contemptuously.

Vianca suggested some details, hoping to provoke Cherry into a more specific telling.

"What's wrong, Vianca? You so goddam ugly you nevah had a woman?"

This Vianca vehemently denied and went on to present the incidents of his sex life. When he was finished, Novak took up the telling.

Kaghan was meanwhile seated in his corner, his writing pad on his knee, relieved that they had forgotten him. He listened to the stories.

He was alone in the corner. Harris had showered and dressed and had gone off before chow and hadn't returned.

Sidney was intrigued by the stories he heard. He smiled in his corner when the others laughed at Vianca's enthusiastic distortions. He was as excited as they—without revealing it—when Cherry reported some brutality, and he vicariously experienced the good will of a shared bottle of whiskey. He wasn't in the mood to write. His fears seemed at the moment imaginary. He liked these men. He admired the flagrant treatment of sex. He admired Cherry and was grateful for his contribution to the good will. Cherry had provided the whiskey and had volunteered confidences. Kaghan hoped that he had made too much of their baiting. It was a harsh manner but perhaps not as unfriendly as he had believed.

Vianca now took over the show. He lied brazenly and cheerfully, and no one was taken in, but it was much fun. He outdid Cherry. Cherry had had a rich babe? Well, he'd had a dozen—in succession. He'd had a whole stable of rich babes, all hungering for him. And he had obliged. It was thoroughly ridiculous and they cuffed the little Italian who insisted that he had told the truth. Cherry reclined, uninterested, and when Vianca was goaded to excel himself with another story, Cherry got up.

THE men drifted back to their own beds now that Cherry had left them. He started down the barracks but stopped suddenly before Sidney's bunk. He scratched his jaw, scowled, then settled himself on Harris' bed opposite Sidney.

"Youah nothin special, are you, bo?"

"No. I never thought I was."

"That's right. Youah not betta in no respek. Aint that the truth?"

"Yes."

"Sho it is. That's right." Cherry paused. He ground out his cigarette on the floor beside Harris' bed. "So why you pushin? Why you tryin to make off betta than anyone else? What you tryin to pull off, Kid?"

"That's not true, Cherry. I didn't mean to give that impression."

"Diden you? Maybe ah got the wrong ideah. You shouldn't suck around the First Sarge. He's not goin to be no help to you anyways, Kid. He don lahk yo type any betta than ol Cherry does."

"I was there because I was told."

"The CO is mo yo type. He's a bo can do you some good. If you want special treatment, he's the bo for you."

"I don't want special treatment. I don't want anymore than is coming to me. I don't want anymore than anyone else gets."

"No one gets nothin. No one gets nothin but dirt. I get dirt an they all gets dirt and you'll get dirt. That's the way it is, aint it?"

"If you say so, Cherry."

"That's what ah'm sayin. Ah'm saying the truth. Ah'm sayin how things is."

Sidney prayed that Cherry would be appeased by his deference. "I'm sure you're right," he said.

"Goddam right ah'm right. Don go suckin around the CO. Maybe you figger them books is gonna get you out of this dirt. But don try that stuff. Don think becuz you can type you can get out of it. Youah nobody special. Youah less than special. Aint that right?"

"I'm no better than anyone else."

"Youah not as good as anyun else. Look at you. A flabby punk. You got to take the wrong-end becuz theah's nothin you can do about it. Even Vianca could take you. Aint that the truth? Even the skinny Wop could make you eat dirt."

"No one can do that," Kaghan said nervously. "Just because someone is stronger than me doesn't mean they can do that."

"Think you can take Vianca? Think you can make him eat dirt? Ah don think youah man enough even to face up to Vianca."

"I won't take that from anybody, Cherry. My being fat doesn't have anything to do with it. That's something I won't take."

"You talkin big, college boy?"

"Just because I'm small doesn't mean that I haven't any self-respect."

"What the hell you alus talking about respek," Cherry scowled.

"What's a creep lahk you got to do with respek?"

"There's a limit to what any man will take."

"Theah's no limit, bo. You'll take what you get and theah aint nothin you can do about it, heah? You gonna take what anyone gives becuz youah fat little creep. An don give me none of that stuff about respek."

Sidney didn't answer and Cherry, after pausing a moment, continued.

"So you claims you kin take Vianca, huh?"

"No, I didn't."

"You say you kin make him eat dirt."

"I didn't say that."

"Hey, Vianca!" Cherry bellowed.

"Wot?" The Italian looked up from the foot-locker where he had been seated talking to Novak.

"The creep heah says he kin make you eat dirt."

"Wot's at!" Vianca howled indignantly. He scurried over, his wrists flapping, his dark face screwed up belligerently. "Wot's at you said, college boy? You said that about Vianca!"

His outrage was as jubilant and fake as his reported lust. His scowl was a comic imitation of Cherry. His swagger was too similar to a duck's waddle to intimidate. Nonetheless, he seemed capable in the interests of comedy to make his point with violence. "I'm not scared of nuttin. Nuttin. I'll take on the whole Eyetalian army. No one pulls nuttin on old Vianca. I don't even take nuttin from Cherry. Anybody says I do, college boy, and they got to make good on their bluff. Now, what was you sayin?" He tried out the ominous scowl but the effect was gone when he glanced to Cherry and the others who had come up to observe the fray. That side glance so much as said, "How'm I doin? Okay? Huh?"

"That's silly. All I said was no man could be pushed past a certain point," Kaghan interjected.

"You tryin to say I can't push you around? Take care now."

"He says you'd eat dirt, Vianca."

"Bygod, old Vianca don't eat dirt. Not unless it's GI," he qualified.

"I didn't say anything like that."

"You callin me a liar, bo?" Cherry asked.

"You probably misunderstood me."

"Musunderstood! Nuts! Why don you speak English lahk everyun else? You claim you kin lick Vianca, then you put up or shut up."

"Anytime you wants. In back of the barracks. Vianca aint scared of nuttin."

"This is ridiculous."

"Yella Jew," Cherry said contemptuously.

"Why don't you leave me alone, Cherry! I don't want trouble with anybody. It's not my fault you don't like me. I am what I am and I can't do anything about it. Is it my fault I'm not as strong as you?"

"Well what you suckin aroun fo? Why you makin out lahk youah betta than the rest of us?"

"I'm not. I told you I'm not."

"Wut you tell me and wut is fac is two diff runt things."

"Youah Jew. A fat little Jew-boy. Ah jus don want you to fo'get it."

"Hey, Cherry," Vianca giggled. "I think you better get your behind off dat bed."

"Huh?"

"Harris is here."

Harris thrust them aside and came to his bed. His cap was pushed back and he considered Cherry coldly. Cherry arose, stretched and made his muscles bulge. He patted the bed smooth with mock fastidiousness.

"This a circus?" asked Harris.

"Don get yo steam up, bo. We's havin a lil talk."

"I don't give a goddam what you're having. Have it on your own goddam bunk."

"Got a slivah in yo behind, Harris?"

"Anytime you want to find out, Cherry . . ." Harris warned.

"Someday ah'm gonna."

"I'll be around."

Cherry returned to his bed, followed by his coterie. Harris took off his tie and cap and placed them in his foot-locker. He stepped out of his trousers and folded them over a hanger and then put his shirt on the hanger. He untied his shoes and then placed them tidily under his bed. He took off his undershirt and spread out on his stomach. The preparations were precisely made.

"You're nothing but trouble," he muttered to Sidney.

THEY went out into the field and each man was paired with another, and it had always been that Edwin Harris was paired with no one.

He dug a slit-trench to accommodate himself alone and used his shelter-half as a lean-to. He quartered himself on the fringes of the company area. If a wooded hill was available he would locate high on the slope where the digging was hard and the soldiers few. The others would sensibly concentrate in the hollow, near the kitchen, and near the straddle trench, and near each other. But with the coming of Kaghan there was a full complement and an even number of men and Harris could no longer be odd. He was bequeathed Kaghan as buddy. The sergeant enjoyed making the assignment. He had found Harris unaffected by the usual oppressions which were intended to make clear where power lay. Every task was suited to Harris' desire to be unaffected. Every task was equally onerous and undertaken with equal competence. The sergeant enjoyed pairing him with the poorest soldier and the most despised man in the company. But Harris again disappointed him.

Harris chose the location for the pup tent in a clump of pines that clustered around a level spot high on the windward slope of a hill. He beckoned for Kaghan's shelter-half and buttoned up the two halves and pounded in the tent stakes and jammed in the tent poles and scratched a gutter about the tent walls. Harris marked out the outlines of the slit trench and with expert persistence hacked away roots, turned up stones, and soon had finished the trench. And Harris collected pine boughs and pine needles and laid the floor of the tent. He fixed his bed on the right side of the tent, using one blanket as a base and a folded blanket as a cover. Then Harris lay down and didn't bother with Kaghan.

It had been a long march to the area and water economy had been practiced. Several of the men, proficient at soldiering, had dropped out of line and had been sent up ahead to serve as KPs. Kaghan, who suffered far more than they, and was marked with blisters and welts and aches, had made it but wasn't liked any more for his accomplishment. He crouched off to the side while Harris worked, his arms slouched on his knees, his face deeply flushed, covered with dust, his helmet and pack at his feet. He had refilled his canteen at the water-bag and had drunk deeply and now he shivered and his abused body trembled. He understood that Harris did him no favor in taking over his work. He understood that this was as Harris wanted it to be. He offered neither gratitude nor excuse for his indolence.

At chow-time he went slowly down the hill and took his place at the end of the line and doused his kit in the pail of boiling water, then extended the mess kit and canteen cup and received the food and went off to the edge of the kitchen area where he sat braced against a log and picked at his food and drank his coffee. The Captain came by, followed by the executive officer and went through the chow-line. He peered into the pail of soapy water and the pail of clear water next to it. He summoned the mess sergeant, a thin, wispy man, broken-nosed and scarred, who had relinquished the power of his office to Cherry. Cherry had an idea of a proper kitchen and the mess sergeant had none. Cherry was single-minded about the kitchen, completely absorbed in its details,

and the mess sergeant let him take over. Now, as the Captain dressed him down for failing to provide water hot enough for scouring and criticized the condition of the field equipment, the mess sergeant accepted the censure but Cherry felt that it was intended for him.

Cherry was at the end of the mess-line, behind the plank serving as a table, dealing out portions of stew. He didn't look up while the Captain rebuked the sergeant. He listened and frowned and afterward was depressed. It was another instance of the Army unjustly shaming him. He had followed regulations to his best competence and that was better, he felt, than anyone else could do, yet he had been stripped of his rank and forced through drill and been subjected to the soldier's lot and no one had been grateful. It was a rotten, dirty system, and he wasn't a man to be squelched like that, to be humiliated like that, to be oppressed and not fight back. So when chow was finished and the kitchen work done and Coleman lanterns pumped up, the men came to the kitchen tent and squatted on chests and drank Cherry's whiskey, and he told stories more brutal even than they were used to. Only Vianca had the temerity to interrupt and Cherry cut him off and continued his fierce monotonous telling.

Sidney edged away from the splash of light and stumbled into the woods. He couldn't bear listening to the man. He knew that he was degraded by his fear and that he couldn't arrest the panic that Cherry inspired. He had been scared out of any hope for dignity and though he despised himself he wanted only to flee. He felt his way like a blind man toward his tent and climbed to the top of the hill without finding it. He looked down and saw the fires in the hollow and the lantern in the kitchen tent and Cherry bulking over his audience. It was black on the other side of the hill. It was dense forest without clear paths and there was a sound of slithering and moving in the bush. "Harris," he called. But there was no answer. "Harris," he called again softly. He wanted only Harris to know of his stupidity. Harris, being apart from the others and disdainful of all, didn't matter. But there was no response. He crashed into the underbrush and lost the trail he had been following. Now he was embedded in a clump of scrub pine and couldn't even see the fires below. He stumbled and crawled to the top of the hill again and discovered he was farther from the lights. "Harris," he called louder. He continued calling and finally Harris answered. "Over here." Sidney was within fifteen yards of the pup tent.

HARRIS was in the tent, on his blankets, his boots off, faced toward the light below but looking up. There was no dimming of the stars here on the hill and they were splashed all about. Around their tent and up and down the hill and in the hollow, fire-flies blinked on and off. Sidney could vaguely hear the voices of men and as his eyes opened to the night he saw trees and paths and the silhouette of the hill.

"I was lost for a minute. I got up the crest and knew I'd missed the way. Didn't you hear me?" he said.

"Expect me to hold your hand?"

"It was pretty foolish. I should have waited till I got used to the dark. I'm sorry if I bothered you."

"Okay already," Harris turned on his side.

"Do you know where the straddle trench is?"

"On the other side of the kitchen."

"That's quite a walk."

"Do you gotta go?"

"Not right now. I just wanted to know in case I did."

"Well, now you know."

"This is all an old story to you, I guess. I've never camped out in my life." Sidney stretched out beside Harris. It was a hot night. His clothes were sticky and his face caked over with the sweat of the long march and he hadn't washed. "It's new for me."

"It's nothing much."

"Did you ever do it before you went into the army?"

"I was raised on a farm in Minnesota."

"I guess you don't get a kick out of it, then?"

Harris turned on his back again. "What do you think?" he answered sarcastically.

"It's just that if you've never done it, it's an experience."

"It's lousy. In the army or out of the army it's lousy."

"And yet men do it for pleasure. Hunting is like this, isn't it? You hike all day and sleep out at night and then get up as early as we do and hide in the woods. It's done for enjoyment."

"That's fun! That's great fun! You got the right idea, fella. You just are in for the greatest fun in your life."

"Oh, I'm not making that mistake. I'm not that stupid."

"How stupid are you?"

"I'm pretty stupid, I guess."

"Where did you find that out? In a book? The books tell you all about Cherry? You don't have any idea how stupid you are. And by God they'll learn you. You don't know anything and when they want to step on you they'll step on you because you're so goddam stupid even if you've read a book."

The stars were plentiful and the night was quiet; the sounds from the hollow were comfortable, and his sorrow mounted. Sidney was what he was—a nice person who was not pushy and who had read many books and had known few people and was eager for experience. And he was repulsive to these men. There was something in him which infuriated them. But he didn't know what it was. He could rid himself of books, he could rid himself of ambition, and he still would not have cut out that part of himself which was offensive. He could do as they did, submit as they had, and it would do no good because he didn't know what they required.

"Why do you dislike me, Edwin? I never did you any harm."

"I don't give a damn about you one way or the other."

"It's not my fault I'm stupid. You can't expect me to know what I haven't learned."

"You'll learn alright."

"Why should everyone be so eager to jump on me? It's not fair, Edwin."

Harris turned toward him and raised up on his elbow. "Did I ask for you?"

"What do you mean?"

"Did I ask you to bed down by my bunk? Did I ask you to buddy up with me? I didn't ask, did I? I didn't want no part of you. I got my own troubles, which aren't any of your business, and I don't give a helluva damn for you or your problems. Just quit pushing on me, hear? I didn't ask for you. I mind my own goddam business and you can mind your own. I don't give a good goddam what happens to you, hear? You're going to get hurt and I don't want no part of it. I don't give a damn who the hell you are or what you do and all I ask is that you keep your troubles to yourself. No one's messing with me. I'll take care of that. You do the same and we'll get along fine."

"You should have answered when I called. You heard me, Edwin? Didn't you?"

"I heard you, goddamit! And don't call me Edwin! I'm not Edwin to you or anything like that. Just Harris. That will do fine. Goddam right I heard you. You sounded like a damn elephant in that brush."

"Was it too much to call out?"

"Yes. That was too much. You're damn right it was too much."

"What would it have cost you?"

"Listen. You're a grown man. And maybe you'll be kilt someday because you're in the army. And maybe I'll be kilt. And maybe I better watch out for my neck and maybe you better watch out for yours."

"It wouldn't cost you anything to give a little help."

"Who the hell are you!"

Harris turned away and didn't move again and after a while Sidney supposed him to be asleep. He couldn't sleep. He could hear the insect sounds. The voices of the men in the kitchen tent were louder. He could even make out Cherry's voice, an ominous sound that lapped up the hill and into his tent. And he heard Vianca's laugh, a harsh, staccato braying. Tomorrow it would begin all over again and it would be the same the next day and the following day and an endless number of days to come because the war seemed interminable. Now the war had ceased being for him an occasion for dramatizing great issues and had diminished in scope until its focus was this one platoon and his own discomfiture. The Here and Now were as much trouble as he could bear.

YET HE was able to doze off and awoke after an hour had passed. The men below sounded much louder. Vianca was laughing. Harris slept. The long march, the gulped water, the gritty stew had upset him and Sidney crawled from the tent and moved carefully down the path toward the straddle trench. The moon was full and very bright and he was able to make his way down the path without difficulty. He

came to the hollow and stepped between the pup tents from which booted legs protruded. The swath of light from the Coleman lanterns in the kitchen tent cut across the hollow and he would have to step into the open to get to the straddle trench. The high canvas walls of the kitchen tent were rolled up and he could see the men brightly illuminated, crouched and squatting, whiskey still passing among them, their heads thrust back, the bottle tilted upwards. Cherry was in the center, seated on the field stove, a burly silhouette above the others. He was still talking, and now there was a passionate whine in his monotone. It was higher pitched and more intense and the words were clear even at the edge of the hollow. The officers' tent had been located far down the hollow, at the opposite boundary of the company area, and a triangle of light came from the open flap. They were far from the kitchen and couldn't hear the racket.

Kaghan stopped at the edge of the light, behind an oak whose trunk branched off in two parts at the base. The light rustled up through the underside of the forward leaves but it was dark where Sidney stood and listened.

"... and he's a bucket of guts ah kin open by twistin my wrist. That's all any man is," Cherry was saying. "He's somethin ol Cherry kin get to the bottom of with his knife. A bucket of guts. That's all. No mo than a drainin hog. Ah've seen em squashed out theah, opened up and theah wasn't no secret anymo. Theah's nothin much to any man ah caint get at. Ah know. You see a man, any of you, when he's been squashed and the blood comes pumpin from his mouth and his ear's runnin blood and he's smashed out flat and you kin do him no mo harm or good? That's the way it kin be with any of you, with any man. And it don' matta if youah Lieutenant or a Cap'n or a non-com or a clerk, that's the way it kin be. Do any of you suppose diffrent? Huh? Anybody heah think that ol Cherry caint make him less useful than hogmeat? Ah got the knife heah that's seed the trick done. Who thinks he's betta than Cherry's knife? Nobody? And how about you, Wop? Who you laughin at, Wop? You think ol Cherry caint dig into you and make dirt out of you? It don't botha Cherry at all. Cherry don give a damn, Vianca, if a man is all opened and spilled out than if he's heah bein wise. You think ah'm foolin, Wop? You think ol Cherry gives a damn one way or 'tother if youah laughin or dyin? It makes no difference at all. It's a stink ah know an it don't botha me none at all. Don you believe me, Wop?"

"I aint scared of nuttin, Cherry. The ol Wop aint scared of nuttin."

"Ah kin make you scared, Wop."

"You aint never smelled anything like me, Cherry. I aint no hog to be opened up. You never smelled nuttin like I'd smell. I'd stink youse out of the army, Cherry. They'd have to put dis whole state off-limits if I got stuck."

"You aint yella. No, Wop, you aint yella. You all loaded up on guts. Youah little Wop hero."

"I aint scared of nuttin."

"Nosir. You talk lahk a re-uhl man. A re-uhl little man. Someday ah'll open you up just to show it don make no difference you not bein yella. Mah knife is good fo heroes. It's good for anybody, Wop."

"I'd stink youse out."

The men were worried by Cherry and his knife. The knife was stuck into the tent pole near Cherry and even though he ignored it the men knew that it was close to his hand and that he had used the knife and if he were incited would use it again.

"It don make no diffrence," Cherry continued. "Ah got stomach fo anythin. Ah've seed all kinds opened. An they's no diffrence. It's all the same to ol Cherry if ah got the mind. Theah aint no one who's diff runt. Ah seed my Pa squashed by a tractor. He got off and run in front while it was in gear and he fell and it went over him and he was no more'n dirt, lahk any otha man. That didn botha me and nothin else is gonna botha me and if ah got the mind then you all is gonna see some cuttin. Ah'm keepin a book. An someday ah'm going right down the list an ah'm gonna show all the bo's been messin wi me that they aint no diff runt."

"Is the CO on the list, Cherry?" someone asked.

"Ah got everyun theah who's messed wi me. Ah aint fo'gettin no one."

"And Harris? You gonna get Harris someday, Cherry?"

"Theah aint nobody ah'm gonna leave off who's messed wi me. Ah aint fo'gettin."

"You can't get away with it," the same man said. "They got you comin and goin. You can't lick the army."

"Theah aint no one's gonna shove ol Cherry around."

"They just hope someone steps out of line. Then they're on top of you like a tank. You can't blow your nose if they don't want you to."

"Caint is fo you boys. Caint isn't fo Cherry. Theah's nobody gonna say 'caint' to me. Someday the bo's on mah list is gonna be on a dahk street in town. Maybe ah'll find em some'eres in the field. Then theah won't be no 'caint'. Theah's gonna be no one kin prove it. This knife heah already seed some cuttin and it's gonna see mo' and there won't be nobody to say 'no' when Cherry starts cuttin."

S IDNEY HAD to relieve himself but he could no more bring himself to enter the patch of light where Cherry would see him than he could enter a mined field. He was on that list. He was sure he was on that list. And Cherry, his outrage backed by whiskey, might not be restrained by the others. He didn't want to remind Cherry that he was nearby and accessible and unprotected. He had to relieve himself and dared not go to the straddle trench. He moved off to the side. A ditch ran along the edge of the hollow and was banked by underbrush. He climbed into the ditch and crossed over and moved into the underbrush. He dropped his pants and crouched. He could still hear Cherry. He could still hear the terrible threats. The night protected him, but the night was also dangerous for him because once

discovered he would be alone with that predatory man and there would be no help.

Someone crashed toward him without warning. He hadn't heard footsteps. The sound developed suddenly from a few feet off. He jerked his pants up and stumbled and was caught by the arm before he could right himself. It was Novak and Novak twisted his arm and whirled him about.

"You Pig!" Novak screamed. "You dirty Pig! You rotten, dirty, Pig! In front of my tent! You, Pig, I'll kill you!" And while he twisted Kaghan's arm, Novak hurried him across the ditch and toward the kitchen. The men had scrambled out of the tent at the first outcry and stood in the light where they met Novak and Kaghan as they stumbled into the area. Kaghan's fly was open and his belt undone. Novak whirled him and shoved him and he fell in front of the men. He didn't get up but raised himself on his hands and kept his head down. Novak, still screeching, told what Kaghan had done—within two yards of his tent.

"Stick his face in it!"

"The lazy pig!"

"Make him cover it over, Novak!"

Their feet were all around him, booted, with buckled tops and heavy toes and they moved in close and he didn't look up to their faces.

"What do you think the straddle trench is for?" the mail orderly said and he was hostile like the rest. "What do you think we have a latrine detail for? Where were you brought up, for chrissakes? Would you foul up your own house? You too lazy to walk a few yards?"

"The filthy pig!" bellowed Novak, convinced now of the nastiness of the little man. "He snuck practically up to my tent. He must have figgered I was asleep. He's smart enough not to do it by his tent. He comes over to mine."

"Where did you get the nerve?" the mail orderly asked.

"My stomach was upset," Kaghan mumbled. "I wanted to go to the latrine but I couldn't make it."

"Would you do it in your own house? That's a filthy goddam trick."

Sidney didn't answer and his cravenness further aroused the men and they drew in closer and cursed him more vehemently. It was nothing they hadn't done but none of them had ever been caught so flagrantly and the complete ineffectualness of the little man outraged them. They wanted to punish. He seemed perfectly suited as an object of their spleen. His cringing was a confession that he regarded himself as perfectly suited, and the more he cringed the more outraged they became.

A corridor opened between the legs and the huge boots of Cherry came to rest by his face. He peeked up and saw the hard face, determined on violence, incapable of being affected. Kaghan trembled the length of his body. His shoulders quivered and the others moved back, perhaps realizing that they had gone too far.

"Ah warned you, didn't ah?" Cherry asked almost mournfully. "Ah

tole you not to mess aroun. Ah tole you wut would happen. Diden ah tell you? Wut the hell am ah gonna do wi' you, Jew-boy?" he asked. "Ah gotta teach you a lesson now, don't ah? Don't ah! Ah got to house-break you, bo. Ah caint have you dirtyin up the place wherever you gets the feelin. Now you gonna make me do somethin about you. Get up."

Kaghan pressed closer to the ground. The others drew farther away and were quiet.

"Let's turn him in, Cherry," the mail orderly suggested.

"Don tell me wut to do, messenger. Please don tell me wut to do. Ah'd jus as soon slit you open as anyone else. Don give me no instructions. Ah'm not goin to turn this bo in. That won't teach him nothin. Ah'll take care of this lil matter mahself. Ah don need no sergeant to tell me how to house-break this college boy. Stand-up, bo, and make it easy on yo'self. Stand up, cuz if you make me bend ah'm gonna bend wi' mah knife."

"Take it easy on him, Cherry," urged the mail orderly.

"Jus once mo. Give me advice jus once mo, messenger. Tha's all the excuse ah'm gonna need. Tha's all ah want you to do. Open youah mouth once mo and ah won't need no mo excuse. You gettin up, Jew-boy?"

Kaghan didn't stir. He was no longer capable of stirring. Cherry caught him by the hair and jerked back his head so that Kaghan was forced to look at him. "You heah me? Kin you heah me?" Cherry muttered viciously. "Do I gotta tell you again?"

"Hey Cherry!" shouted Vianca.

Vianca danced into the circle cleared for Cherry and Cherry's victim. His eyes glittered and his arms flopped and he grinned. "Hey, Cherry, whatsamatta? What you so mad about? Hey, Cherry, you hillbillies don' even got plumbin. Haw! Haw! Haw!"

NO ONE was clear afterward as to why he did it. Vianca himself didn't understand. Was it a clown's trick or resentment or a proof of courage? They didn't know. The one motive none of them would even mention, the word seeming effeminate, was pity.

Cherry let loose of Kaghan and straightened up. "Why you want to mess wi me, Wop?" he asked mournfully. "You know wut ah gotta do if you mess wi me."

"I aint scared of nuttin," Vianca boasted. He strutted about the circle, chortling at the men, his eyes glittering, his body loose. "We got plumbin at least. We aint no goddam hillbillies."

Cherry started for him, his frown deep, his shoulders slouched. "Wut you have to say that fo', Vianca? Ah didn wanta hurt you."

"Hey, Cherry. You hillbillies aint even got plumbin. Watcha so bothered for if someone makes himself at home?" He couldn't keep silent and each word was a goad. Cherry walked forward and Vianca backed away. "You can't hurt Vianca, Cherry. I'm made of steel. The ol Wop, can't nobody hurt him." And when the taunts had swelled

him till he had to burst, Cherry swept with his great arms, a bearish sweep, and his hand splashed on Vianca's face.

Vianca laughed.

"Wut did you wanta do that fo?" moaned Cherry. "Wut fo, Wop?" He swung with the same clumsiness, Vianca seemingly shattered by each blow yet recovering. They moved around Kaghan who looked up at Vianca, his mouth open, wanting to protest that he was the man to suffer, not Vianca. But Vianca who had delighted in the game of harrying and tormenting now received Kaghan's punishment and maintained a braying laugh which increased Cherry's fury.

"Now," Vianca howled gleefully, "you're pickin on someone your own size . . ." Cherry struck him with a closed fist and Vianca staggered across the circle, falling sideways, but instead of dropping he righted himself.

"You goddam Wop," Cherry moaned. He caught Vianca around the waist and hurled him and Vianca crashed into the men at the opposite side of the circle.

"Let him alone!" the mail orderly shouted, and Novak jumped in front of the Italian, his fists raised, facing Cherry. "Stay off him, Cherry!" Then the others swarmed between Cherry and Vianca and moved toward Cherry. Cherry backed into the kitchen and came out with his knife, but they moved toward him and he retreated.

"Don mess wi me," he gasped. "Stay away, heah! Keep off!" He crouched and waved his knife and they stumbled back, holding each other, then pushed forward. "Ah'll kill y'all! Ah'll gut the man comes at me."

"Wut you have to go hit Vianca for, Cherry. You had no call to hit Vianca!" said Novak. "He's always been your Pal!" They settled back in a wide circle about Cherry. Kaghan remained crouched on the ground, between Cherry and the men.

"Ah aint got no Wop frien and no Polock frien!" Cherry shouted. "Ah'm holdin mah frien! Ah got mah frien aroun the throat and ah'll jam him into yo guts if you don leave me be!"

"I aint got nothin against you, Cherry," Novak said, stepping back a pace. "It just wasn't right your takin after Vianca like that."

"No friens of mine!" Cherry shouted, still crouched, still weaving with his knife, but already past the point of assault. "Ah brought you whiskey. Ah did right by you in the kitchen. No man can say Cherry wuzn't good to the KPs. Don you foget it. Don you foget, Novak, and you, Vianca an the rest of you. Don forget. Y'all set on mah bunk and passed aroun mah whiskey an no one asked if he could. Ah went special into town to get whiskey for the bo's an it's alright wi y'all drinkinit. Comes this college boy wi his books an he's done nothin fo you an you fogets all bout mah whiskey, all about yo good deal on KP. No friens of mine. He's yo frien!"

"That aint true, Cherry! He's no friend of ours. I got no love for that pig. He fouled up my tent, didn't he?"

"Ah seen it befo when these bo's wi the books come in and staht

takin ovuh! They's the ones get you in the ahmy and run you into combat and get you kilt! They's the ones takin the wimmin and the big money and heah's a good man lahk me goin to waste, and, bygod, ah'm puttin a stop to it! Ah was good to you, Novak. Ah was good to y'all. An you lef me fo a Jew!" He motioned toward Kaghan, "Fo a Jew! Look at im! Fat as a hog! Weakuh'n a woman! Sneakin in corners an writin. Got his duhty books. Goin to be a clerk. We's dyin fo his kind! Take a look at yo Pal, bo's. Is he wuth the wet of mah spit!"

"We don't like him any better than you, Cherry," someone called.

"This the kind y'all wanna drink wi'!"

"He's nuthin to us."

"Ah evah do anythin but good fo you, Wop?" Cherry pleaded. "Ah took care a you, diden ah? Wut you have to ride me lahk thet? Ah diden mean to hurt you none, Vianca. Wut you make me do it fo? Why you tun on me lahk thet? Who's a man to trust ef his friens tun on him?"

"Maybe you beat the hell out of me but youse don't scare me none, Cherry!" Vianca shouted. He wiped his nose on his sleeve and left a streak of blood. He touched his nose again more carefully. It was leaking a steady stream. He walked into the kitchen, the others following, Cherry standing fast. Vianca pressed a kitchen towel to his nose.

"Get him the aid kit."

A KP handed the kit marked with crosses to Novak who pushed Vianca's head back and pressed some gauze to the nose.

"Ah diden mean to hurt you, Kid," Cherry said disconsolately. "You wasn't the one ah meant. You wuz the wrong one. You wuz the las man in the worl ah wanted to rough up. It wuzen right you needlin me lahk thet. You oughtn't a done it, bo."

"Take it easy wit dat bandage, Novak! Youse wanta tear da ting off? Wut you bin grabbin, you got a grip like dat? Take it easy."

Cherry shouldered Novak aside and molded a swab with some cotton batten and a wood applicator. He gently dabbed Vianca's nose. "Jus keep yo head back, bo." His giant hand folded about the splinter of wood moved deftly. Vianca's head was cupped in the other hand. The men relaxed and began talking again.

"Where'd the Jew go?" someone asked.

"He snuck off."

"Let him go. Who wants him? He's made enough trouble."

IT HAD been a great evening, a significant evening in which a drama long in the developing had finally reached its climax. They had always known that Cherry was explosive and that some day he would blow up, and finally the moment had come and it had been a great surprise. It was the clown who had provided the punch line and who had mastered Cherry's violence. They went over the incidents of the drama, exploring its hidden dimensions with the enthusiasm of first-nighters who have seen an historic performance. The hollow, a quiet Southern wilderness that only a few hours before had been untouched, was alive and bright with camp fires, marked forever by the holes they'd

scratched and the brush they'd cut and the history they'd made. The moon had come up high. Around them was a ring of hills, thatched with brush, studded with pine and oak and maple, notched by a narrow pass which continued through a denser wilderness to a sand cliff that overlooked Snake River. Across the river was a bog that had been malarial until the army had turned its hand to the disease. Kaghan moved down the pass, his fly still open, his khaki undershirt exposed, his arms extended to fend off the branches, his hands grasping.

"Shame! Shame! Shame!" he whispered. He leaned against a tree and thumped his forehead with skinned fists. "Shame! Shame! Shame!" An aroused cottonmouth slithered over the dead leaves and a rabbit made a great leap that carried it to Kaghan's feet, paused a moment, then zig-zagged off.

Shame! What they had said to him, what they had done to him, what he had submitted to, all of it was summarized in the picture he saw of himself at Cherry's feet with his pants sliding down his hips. He reclined against the tree, a sick oak with warped trunk and blighted leaves, his shame throbbing like a stomach cramp, the picture dimming when his pain was most intense, returning when the pain had diminished.

He stumbled down the pass. When he reached the clearing that was apron to the cliff, he slumped down upon a boulder. He had worn himself out and his breath was exhaled with a whistle and inspired with a whine. He saw his open fly and tried buttoning it but his hands were unfit for the task. He slid down the boulder until he was seated, with his back braced against the stone. A few yards ahead the cliff edge was silhouetted as clearly as a paper-cut-out against a darker background. Only a thin slice of the river below was visible but he could hear its steady rumble. He felt as though he'd been swallowed up by the scene and was as proper to it as the stars and stones and cliff and river and cottonmouths. But the sequence of his degradation, beginning outside Novak's tent and ending in that fatal picture of Cherry hovering over him, again started unrolling. He arose and staggered to the cliff's edge and sat down, his legs hanging over. He could see the full width of the river. There was a narrow beach at the base of the cliff, white sand, almost luminescent with its reflected lights, and then the wide, swift river, black as a hole. There were white flecks where the river frothed about projecting rocks, and across the river began the haze which the bog sweated. The bog was a tangle of wild shapes, trees thrusting out like impaled men, others looming up like huge mushroom.

Finally he was tired of shame, too weary for shame or fear. The sound of the river did not frighten him. It was a place where he might be washed. While all other desires were blunted this one urge to be cleansed was sharper even than his wish to sleep. He arose and stumbled along the cliff's edge. Once he fell and his arm stabbed out over the cliff, then he arose without fear and continued down the incline, toward the distant point where the downward curve of the

cliff intersected the water. He confronted the boulders and thickets as though he were the simplest animal, unable to conceive of alternatives. He patiently climbed the boulders, crawling on hands and knees; he pushed through the thickets, unconcerned by the thorns that ripped his hands and face. He stumbled, fell, arose, then fell again, and rose more slowly. He came to a point where the embankment was only a few feet above the beach. Thrust into the bank were knobby-rooted bushes. The beach was hardly a yard wide. The river seemed to swell up in its middle above the level of the beach, a white mane riding its height. Kaghan fell down the bank, scratching his arms and face and he bled. He lay prone on the beach and first plunged his hands into the water and then his face. His green fatigue shirt was soaked. The water numbed his hands. It was so clear that even in the dawning light he was able to see the clay bottom. He shivered but kept his face in the water until he felt his temples throb. Then he rolled away and resting his cheek upon his arm he fell asleep.

The sun was directly above him. A squad of birds maneuvered across his field of vision, narrowed by the ground and a cushioning arm. There was again the sound of frogs and the flies were thick around him, darting in at the half-dried scabs on his face and arms. He was everywhere bitten and afflicted and the stones upon which he lay had pitted his side. He undressed and crawled into the river and hung onto the beach with outstretched arms as the river flung itself at him and made him numb from his neck to the soles of his feet. He crawled out and lay down naked and fell asleep again. Before he slept he remembered his shame but remembered it already as a part of history from which he was detached.

Later, the hills eased into the plain. The swift waters were arrested by the stones and the yielding banks. The burden of silt made the river murky and heavy. At the end of that day Kaghan saw the dust of a column of men. He observed their approach down the dirt road which angled toward the river, and as he huddled in the reeds he saw that they were his company. He watched them march by, Novak, Vianca, Harris.

When fear has driven a man to the last indignity, he stands on the edge of a cliff. There he has his last option—to jump and end shame or to accept his shame and the final tribute that can be extracted from him. Then he will withdraw and like Kaghan he will accept that each thing is designed for its proper place. Kaghan was made to be a clerk. "I shall be a clerk," he said, and he climbed from the bank of the river to rejoin his platoon.

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The Cave Scrolls Controversy

By H. L. GINSBERG

AN INTELLIGIBLE sketch of reactions to the Dead Sea Scroll finds is hardly possible without a résumé of the history of the discoveries. Scrolls with Hebrew writing have been recovered successively since 1947 from caves in two localities in the Wilderness of Judah. The more important scroll cave neighborhood is that of Khirbet Qumran, an ancient ruin on the western shore of the Dead Sea near its northern end. Here the first scroll cave was discovered by chance by an illiterate Bedouin boy in the spring or early summer of the year 1947. He and a companion took away with them three scrolls which they found still enveloped in their linen wrappings and still reposing in the jar in which they had been placed by their previous owners. Through a "Syrian" (i.e. a Christian of the Jacobite denomination) of Bethlehem assisted by a Jerusalem communicant, the scrolls were purchased by the "Syrian" Metropolitan (i.e. Jerusalem bishop), whose residence was the Convent of St. Mark in the Old City of Jerusalem; for the Metropolitan was at least able to identify the script as Hebrew, and he probably reasoned that

the material was ancient from the circumstance that the country for miles around the spot where it was stated to have been found had never had any sedentary population in modern times.

Observing the Metropolitan's interest in the commodity, the Bethlehem dealer hied him to the cave with a companion to look for more. Then the aforementioned Jerusalemite betook himself thither with at least one of his townsmen to glean what they could. They ransacked the place thoroughly, dumping linen and potsherds outside the cave, and they certainly found some fragments. They did not, however, make nearly so good a haul as the Bethlehemites, who had carried off not only some large fragments but at least three and probably four torn scrolls. The scroll about which there is a doubt is the fourth one which came into the possession of the Metropolitan: did he, as seems probable, buy it, like the other three, either from the Bedouin or from the Bethlehem dealer, or was the latter's Jerusalem colleague in this case no mere broker but an archeological entrepreneur who sold what he had himself brought to light?

The Metropolitan, for his part, began at an early date to solicit the opinions of men who might be more competent judges than he of the value of his manuscripts. But Jews and Christians alike belittled them. As it happened, the late Prof. E. L. Sukenik was abroad that summer. On his return late in November, he learned from a dealer in antiquities in Jerusalem of the scrolls in the possession of the one in Bethlehem and, perilous as that was for a Jew in November 1947, he made the trip and acquired two of the scrolls plus two undamaged specimens of the jars in which all the manuscripts in the cave had evidently originally been stored. These jars were of a type previously unknown. Later Sukenik acquired the remaining scroll through a Jerusalem go-between. Perhaps it was around this time that the Bethlehemite, as a precaution against discovery by the authorities, hid some of his large fragments in the ground of his garden. But since the soil of a garden is something very different from the floor of a cave in the almost rainless Dead Sea depression, all he found when he wished to dig his treasure up again was some sticky glue.

SUKENIK also made contact through an intermediary with the Metropolitan, and was able to study the latter's scrolls in his home for two days, making a copy of part of one of them. He then had to return the scrolls, and though he sent emissaries to the Metropolitan repeatedly in an attempt to get him to sell the precious leather to him (by this time no Jew could enter the Old City), he met with no success. For meanwhile the Metropolitan had signed an agreement with The American Schools of Oriental Research. He had first approached the Jerusalem School of that institution on February 18, 1948. Here he was assured firstly, that his Isaiah scroll, dating from before

the birth of Jesus, was about a thousand years older than any other extant manuscript of an extensive portion of the Hebrew Bible; secondly, that the market value of his wares would be enhanced if he permitted The American Schools of Oriental Research to photograph them forthwith and publish them in America; and thirdly, that in view of the rapid deterioration of security in Palestine he ought to get the stuff out of the country promptly. This the Metropolitan did.

So Sukenik immersed himself in the study of the materials at his disposal and thereby succeeded in partly forgetting the mounting tension and bloodshed of the last half-year of the British Mandate and the attack on Israel by the combined forces of Iraq, Syria, Transjordan (now Jordan), and Egypt which followed its termination. Right in the middle of the siege of Jerusalem, he summoned representatives of the press to the building of the Jewish Agency to tell them about hitherto unknown writings, two thousand years old, including an apocalypse of a war of Israel with "Assyrians," Philistines, Moabites, and Ammonites. That same year Sukenik published a preliminary report on his scrolls. But of all these developments Mr. G. L. Harding, Director of Antiquities in Transjordan, which had annexed the part of Palestine in which the scroll cave is situated, received no intelligence. The Americans, however, also began to publicize the scrolls at their disposal; and in November 1948, Mr. Harding read in the newly arrived April 1948 number of the *Bulletin of the American Schools of Oriental Research* that back in the early summer of 1947 a fabulous discovery had been made by the Dead Sea; that Professor W. F. Albright, to whom the people in charge of the Jerusalem School of the American Schools of Oriental Research had flown a photo-

graph of a passage in the Isaiah scroll early in 1948, had pronounced the script definitely pre-Christian; and that the scripts of the other scrolls were also considered definitely ancient by competent paleographers.

Mr. Harding immediately set about discovering the cave and recovering the fragments which were still in the possession of private persons in Jordan. Since, law or no law, the only practical way of doing this was by buying the fragments from their possessors for money, the Bedouin were smart enough to realize that it would pay them to discover more manuscript repositories in the desert, carry off their contents before the Government found out and exact a handsome consideration for them. Thus began the Wilderness of Judah scroll rush, which by the Spring of 1956 had raised the number of known caves at Khirbet Qumran to eleven (their fragments belonging to some 400 distinct manuscripts), had located two others in Wadi Murabba'at eleven miles away and recovered some related documents at a site which has not been determined, and had also discovered a library—which will not concern us here—of medieval manuscripts at Khirbet Mird, the ruin of an ancient Christian monastery.

MEANWHILE, on or about February 1, 1949, the cave was located by a scouting party of the Arab Legion, headed by a British brigadier and a Jordanian captain, after a search of only seventy-two hours, and on February 15th an archeological expedition headed by Father de Vaux proceeded to explore the cave methodically and recover what could be recovered. This included parts of between forty and fifty of the same sort of jars as Sukenik had acquired from the Bethlehem dealer, scraps of some seventy distinct scrolls, including some belonging to the

four torn scrolls mentioned above (all of Sukenik's three scrolls and one of the four scrolls of the Metropolitan), and a quantity of linen—evidently from scroll wrappings such as those in which the Bedouin stated they had found the three undisturbed scrolls.

Of this linen, Prof. J. L. Kelso, Director of the Jerusalem School of The American Schools of Oriental Research for the year 1949-50, persuaded Harding to let him bring back to America a quantity sufficient for carrying out a radiocarbon test at the Institute of Nuclear Studies of the University of Chicago. The test was made in November 1950. It indicated that the flax from which the linen was made had ceased to live, i.e. had been reaped, 1917 years earlier, or in the year 33 c.e., with a margin of possible error of 200 years either way.

In 1950, too, appeared Sukenik's second preliminary report on his scrolls. Earlier in the same year two of the three well preserved scrolls had been edited by Burrows, Trever and Brownlee at the American Schools of Oriental Research in New Haven. In the winter of 1951, the ruin Khirbet Qumran was excavated by de Vaux. Level II thereof was found to contain: (1) a jar of the aforementioned unique type (more pottery of the same type was found, without scrolls, in other caves of the neighborhood); (2) other pottery which is identifiable as specifically *early* Roman; (3) a series of coins ending with the second year of the first Jewish revolt against Rome, i.e. the year 67/68 c.e. From Josephus, we know that Vespasian reached the Dead Sea in June of 68 c.e.

This is therefore the latest date at which the jars with scrolls could have been put into the cave. With this exact stratigraphic dating, the less exact radiocarbon dating reported above is of course perfectly compatible. So, in the opinion of all competent judges with

no axes to grind, are all the other less exact criteria such as paleography, language, ideas and writing materials. The year 1951 also saw the publication of the third of the well preserved scrolls.

AND now the scroll rush was on. In the autumn of 1951 the Bedouin discovered two scroll caves eleven miles south of Khirbet Qumran, in a ravine called Wadi Murabba'at, which was explored officially in the winter of 1952. The spoils include writings from the time of the Bar Kochbeba Revolt, 132-5 C.E. During 1952, Qumran Scroll Caves II-VI were discovered.

On July 1, 1954, Dr. Yigael Yadin, son of the late Prof. Sukenik, purchased the four scrolls of the Syrian Metropolitan in New York on behalf of the Hebrew University. In that year, too, a complete thesaurus of the material which Sukenik had acquired for the University and studied was published posthumously. (The editor was Dr. N. Avigad.)

The year 1955 witnessed the discovery of Scroll Caves VII-X at Khirbet Qumran; a group of Roman Catholic scholars working under de Vaux published the heretofore unpublished fragments from Cave I. Towards the end of that year Yadin published a remarkable study of the Scroll of War which his father had acquired. It is the most significant single contribution to the study of the scrolls. It shows that the military technique this work presupposes is that of the Romans in the time of Julius Caesar and Augustus. (Various other indications would tend to narrow the possibilities down to about 20 C.E. This may well be the latest work represented in the Qumran library.)

In 1956, the Hebrew University succeeded in opening the scroll which had remained unopened while in the possession of the "Syrians." That same year, all of it, with the exception of some

fragments which are exceedingly difficult to read, was published by Yadin, Avigad and Kutscher of the Hebrew University.

The year 1956 also witnessed the discovery of still an eleventh scroll cave at Khirbet Qumran.

DE VAUX and his collaborators (notably Barthélemy and Milik) are Roman Catholic monks and priests. Burrows, Trever and Brownlee are Protestant divines. Albright is a lay Protestant but an avowed believer in the basic Christian dogmas. Of the Jews I have thus far named, only Professor Yehezkel Kutscher is Orthodox. However, the scrolls have been treated in print as valuable sources for early Judaism and for the history of the Bible text by Orthodox scholars like Saul Lieberman of New York and M. H. Segal, A. M. Haberman and P. Grintz of Jerusalem. I am not sure, but I believe S. A. Birnbaum of London, who has made very valuable contributions to the paleography of the scrolls, is also an observant Jew; yet he has assigned the various Qumran scripts to a series of very high dates (the present writer believes it will be necessary to depress them a good fifty years).

All these people, and scholars generally, agree that the Qumran finds date from the Second Jewish Commonwealth and that they are important. They agree that the numerous Bible texts are important in any case for the history of the transmission of the text, though they do not all agree on the extent to which they can help us to come closer to the original text. They also agree, on the sound general principle that one peculiar sect may have shared some of its peculiarities with another or with others close to it in time (compare the various Protestant sects within Western Christianity, and the various Shiite sects within Islam), that the sectarian litera-

ture needs to be carefully compared with what is known about the Essenes, the most peculiar sect of the time previously known to us; though again they differ widely as to the degree of kinship which in fact exists between the Qumranites and the Essenes.

Long before the discovery of the scrolls, however, the Essenes, for their part, had been connected with primitive Christianity, notably by Ernest Renan, a French scholar of the nineteenth century who had first studied for the priesthood. Renan and others have thought that Essenism must somehow have influenced Christianity. For one gathers from Philo, Josephus and others that the Essenes were organized communally, owning their goods in common; that they were governed by overseers (which is what "bishops" are etymologically) and prized celibacy; and that their meals partook of the character of communal rites over which priests presided. All this is somehow reminiscent of primitive Christianity. How, for example, those who retained their faith in Jesus's messiahship (and awaited his imminent Second Advent) after his crucifixion, and the converts they made, lived communistically may be read in Acts 2:44-47; 4:32-37. (It is because a man by the name of Ananias cheated and did not turn in all of his fortune, Acts 5:1-11, that "Ananias" has become a synonym for "liar" in English.) So, too, one may look up Acts 2:42 for the sacral "breaking of bread" in this community.

Now, there lives in Paris today a savant who resembles Renan not only physically but spiritually—he is an ex-priest—and who not only is carrying on Renan's great undertaking the *Corpus Inscriptionum Semiticarum* but avowedly stands in the Renanian tradition. And the Qumran literature has acquainted us with a sect which certainly resembles the ancient descriptions

we have—by outsiders—of the Essenes, and has taught us to boot that they held in reverence a certain figure who goes by the designation of the True Teacher (or, as it is usually rendered, though less correctly, "the Teacher of Righteousness"). Was it not inevitable, then, that Prof. A. Dupont-Sommer should be struck by the analogy between this Master of the Qumranites and the Christ of the Christians? Of Renan's hesitation to affirm a "direct connection" between Essenism and Christianity, Dupont-Sommer observes:

"It was a wise and prudent attitude, in the light of the sources available in his time; but to-day, thanks to the new texts, the problem presents itself in an entirely new way.

"Everything in the Jewish New Covenant heralds and prepares the way for the Christian New Covenant. The Galilean Master, as He is presented to us in the writings of the New Testament, appears in many respects as an astonishing reincarnation of the Master of Justice [a Gallicism for "Teacher of Righteousness," or "True Teacher"—H.L.G.]. Like the latter He preached penitence, poverty, humility, love of one's neighbour, chastity. Like him, He prescribed the observance of the Law of Moses, the whole Law, but the Law finished and perfected, thanks to His own revelations. Like him He was the Elect and the Messiah of God, the Messiah redeemer of the world. Like him He was the object of the hostility of the priests, the party of the Sadducees. Like him He was condemned and put to death. Like him He pronounced judgment on Jerusalem, which was taken and destroyed by the Romans for having put Him to death. Like him, at the end of time, He will be the supreme judge. Like him He founded a Church whose adherents fervently awaited His glorious return. In the Christian Church, just as in the Essene Church, the essential rite is the sacred meal,

whose ministers are the priests. Here and there at the head of each community there is the overseer, the 'bishop.' And the ideal of both Churches is essentially that of unity, communion in love—even going so far as the sharing of common property.

"... The Master of Justice died about 65-63 B.C.; Jesus the Nazarene died about A.D. 30. In every case where the resemblance compels or invites us to think of a borrowing, this was on the part of Christianity."*

While there can be little doubt but the Qumran covenanters were indeed Essenes or, at least, "Essenians" (i.e. Essene-type sectarians), whether the texts warrant the attribution to the True Teacher of all the features that Dupont-Sommer does or, what for our purpose amounts to the same thing, whether they warrant the inference that the Qumranites attributed those features to him, is another question. But Dupont-Sommer greatly impressed several writers who were raised as Christians but are either agnostics, like Edmund Wilson and, perhaps, John Marco Allegro, or a very liberal Protestant clergyman like A. Powell Davies.

EDMUND WILSON's reaction is a matter of common knowledge. That Yankee humanist—who at an advanced age rounded out his education by acquiring some knowledge of biblical Hebrew—visited both Jordan and the Qumran neighborhood and Israel, and interviewed many of the persons already named in this paper and others both in those countries and in Paris, New York and Hackensack (where the Syrian Metropolitan now resides). In the May 14, 1955, number of the *New Yorker*, to which he is a frequent contributor, Mr. Wilson, under the heading, "A Reporter

at Large," discoursed on the matter at length. That number of the *New Yorker* was quickly sold out on all newsstands and in all stationery stores in the Academic Zone of upper Broadway, and no doubt the same thing happened in comparable areas throughout the country. Later in the year, Mr. Wilson issued an expanded form of that article as a slender volume, with the title of *The Scrolls from the Dead Sea*, which was listed in the *New York Times Sunday Book Review* for many weeks among the ten best sellers. The book's popularity was deserved. It is a splendid piece of reportage-cum-culture. It can still be read with delight and profit even after the publication of Millar Burrows's bulky, scholarly, informative and soberly analytical *The Dead Sea Scrolls* (The Viking Press, 1955), whose sales have also been phenomenal; Theodor H. Gaster's *The Dead Sea Scriptures in English Translation* (Doubleday, 1956), whose English is choice and whose commentary useful; and J. M. Allegro's *The Dead Sea Scrolls* (Pelican Books, 1956), which, taking advantage of the author's sojourns in Jordanian Jerusalem, visits to Khirbet Qumran and participation in the publication of the scrolls at the Rockefeller Museum (in Jordanian Jerusalem), furnishes in felicitous English among other things the fullest account available to the public of how and by whom the scrolls of the first cave were accidentally found and/or illicitly sought and carried off, by whom they were peddled around, and how and by whom the cave was located, etc.

Yet Edmund Wilson's book was, and is, read not alone for its positive merits such as first hand reports of things seen and persons interviewed, vivid reconstruction of atmosphere on the basis of reports and interviews (conditions and feelings in Arab and Jewish Jerusalem during the critical years 1947-48, with illuminating comment upon the charac-

*A. Dupont-Sommer, *The Dead Sea Scrolls*, 1950, cited according to the English translation (1952), p. 99.

ter of religious denominations as nationalities within nations in the Orient), eminently readable relaying of pertinent historical information and so on. For in addition, Wilson is the eloquent exponent of Dupont-Sommer in the English language. It is, to be sure, not true that rationalists claim to have a rational explanation for everything: Eduard Meyer, the famous German historian of the ancient world, could be described as a rationalist; yet he quite freely admitted that he was unable to explain why ancient Israel manifested its genius just by producing the most remarkable historical literature in early antiquity. But of course rationalists feel, consciously or unconsciously, that a rational explanation for everything exists, and are therefore perhaps readier than others to believe that rational explanations for events and phenomena in the realm of the spirit have in fact been found. At any rate, Wilson was fascinated by the vista of a rational explanation of the birth of Christianity which Dupont-Sommer seemed to him to have opened up. And many people were eager to read an exposition of it from the lucid, cultured and, in the best sense, liberal pen of Edmund Wilson.

Wilson, however, labored under the disadvantage of not being himself a Hebraist, and since professional scholars pointed out that some of Dupont-Sommer's proof-texts from the scrolls could not, or at best did not have to, mean or imply what Dupont-Sommer claimed, Wilson admitted in his book that the Frenchman "seemed to have overplayed his hand."

But in Manchester, England, John Marco Allegro, a young Hebraist and Semitist who had been to Khirbet Qumran and Jerusalem and had been entrusted with the publication of some of the texts, began to make some sensational assertions in the spirit of Dupont-Sommer and Wilson over the airwaves

through the British Broadcasting Corporation: they even hit the pages of the *New York Times*. He gave the impression that one of the texts he was editing proved that the True Teacher had indeed been martyred (by the Hasmonean king Alexander Jannaeus, about 88 B.C.E.), that he was believed to be a Messiah, and that he was the prototype of Jesus. These statements surprised nobody more than the scholars who were working on the scrolls in (Jordanian) Jerusalem, and who had at hand the originals of those which had been assigned to Allegro for publication. The most important part of the fragments of the Commentary on Nahum, namely column 1, was published by Allegro at last in the June 1956 issue of the *Journal of Biblical Literature*. But while it does contain what is pretty clearly an allusion to the crucifixion, of which Josephus relates, of some eight hundred rebels by Alexander Jannaeus about the year 88 B.C.E. and does show that the sectarians bitterly disapproved of the practice, and while it may also reveal a hitherto unknown motive for the defection to Jannaeus of many of the rebels who had previously gone so far as to invite the aid of the Seleucid ruler of Syria, Demetrius III, against him, it does not mention the True Teacher at all. It does, however, lend support to earlier surmises that the Wicked Priest of Jerusalem who, according to the Commentary on Habakkuk, persecuted the True Teacher, was Alexander Jannaeus.

WHILE the writers named above went too far, Renan's more cautious thesis of a historical connection between Essenism and Christianity cannot be dismissed out of hand, and the new evidence from Qumran does call for a careful reexamination of the question. Frank M. Cross, Jr., an able scholar and a good Christian, while

rightly dismissing the parallels between the Essene True Teacher and Jesus of Nazareth (especially, one might add, as conceived by orthodox Christianity since Paul) as "superficial," admits "that there are intimate parallels between the Essenes and primitive Christian communities." Millar Burrows, whose book *The Dead Sea Scrolls* was mentioned above, admits (p. 385) that there is a great similarity in style and "manner of thinking" between the Qumran literature and the Gospel According to John. So does the very able Goettingen Professor K. G. Kuhn. A. Powell Davies, finally, the pastor of All Souls Church in Washington, D. C., in his book *The Meaning of the Dead Sea Scrolls* (a Signet Key Book, 1956 pp. 96 ff.), goes about as far as a believing Christian, even a liberal one, can go in discovering roots of Christianity in the Essene community and literature. Like Dupont-Sommer, he may be said to overplay his hand; assuming, for example, that "the Messiah" was conceived to be symbolically present at the sacral meal of the Qumranites (which would be but a step removed from the Christian eucharist) just because a Qumran sketch of the *future* community of Israel prescribes that the high priest of the *future* shall take precedence over the "anointed one" (Hebrew *mashiah*), i.e. over the king. A balanced summary of the situation may be found in the introduction to Gaster's *The Dead Sea Scriptures in English Translation*.

TO BE SURE, Davies, however much he stresses the *evolution* of Christianity out of Judaism generally and Essenism in particular, and while accepting Albert Schweitzer's conclusion that Jesus was a Jewish messiah who, as a Jewish messiah, failed, insists that that is not all he was, that there was something new and precious in his teaching and of

enduring value for mankind. Naturally, however, even that is not enough for more orthodox Protestants like Burrows and Cross or Catholics like the Belgian Canon J. Coppens. But even the insistence of men like these upon the uniqueness of Jesus and the truth of Christianity is not sufficient for a man of the stripe of Geoffrey Graystone, S.M., whose four pertinent articles, originally published in *The Irish Theological Quarterly*, were later brought out in book form under the title of *The Dead Sea Scrolls and the Originality of Christ* (Sheed and Ward, 1956). The reaction of an outsider who reads the first article is likely to be that Father Graystone had an easy task in that he could simply take for granted a premise which will never be questioned in *The Irish Theological Quarterly* but is unlikely ever to be affirmed outright by a Burrows or a Cross, let alone a Davies: namely, that the teaching of Jesus was identical with the creed of his followers after his death, and that the latter was from the outset identical with Pauline theology and Roman Catholic dogma. Granted that premise, all talk about the Qumran Brotherhood and its doctrines as the "mother soil" of Christianity becomes nonsense. Naturally the Brotherhood knew nothing about "the Blessed Trinity" or "the Divinity and Redemptive Death of Christ." And of course people whose one great concern was to observe the law of Moses punctiliously, and who were in duty bound to hate those who took a more lax view than they as to what that involved, contributed nothing to such New Testament passages as Paul's plea to the "foolish Galatians" (Gal 3:1) to come to their senses and realize that whereas they had formerly been children and therefore little better than slaves, and consequently subject to the law, "when the time had fully come, God sent forth his son . . . to redeem those who were under the law, so that

we might receive adoption as sons" (Gal 4:4-5); wherefore it was nothing less than disgusting that "You observe days, and months, and years! I am afraid I have labored over you in vain" (Gal 4:10-11). However, when one reads on in Graystone one must admit that he argues rather persuasively that much that is common to Essenism and primitive Christianity can perfectly well be accounted for by their common roots in the Hebrew Bible and that some other resemblances are superficial; and the circumstance that while the Gospels and the Book of Acts acquaint us with a wealth of types from the Palestinian scene not a single Essene is ever mentioned is a consideration of some weight. On the other hand, even one who views with skepticism the surmises about John the Baptist and/or Jesus having associated with Essenes cannot help feeling that Graystone's argument from the silence of the sources is overstated. In the first place, the sources are not stenographic reports but traditions tinged with admiring legend, and would therefore not necessarily have recorded either detractors' accusations or the principals' admissions of such associations. And in the second place, however seriously the Essenes may have taken the injunctions of the Qumran writings to hate those who were not of the true flock, the cases of Philo and Josephus show that other Jews, far from reciprocating the feeling, were apt to admire and idealize the Essenes.

A CURIOUS Christian-Qumran theory is that of the British Jewish scholar J. L. Teicher. It should be explained that for a generation prior to the discovery of the first Qumran cave and its contents the scholarly world had been acquainted with what then seemed a strange document, known among other designations as "the Zadokite Fragments," which Solomon Schechter had

found among the contents of the Cairo Genizah he brought to Cambridge at the end of the nineteenth century and which he had published in 1910. This work, whose kinship with the Qumran material was recognized at once, and actual fragments of which have since turned up among the material from Cave IV, had been identified by the British scholar G. Margoliouth as, of all things, an Ebionite composition. The Ebionites were Jewish Christians, who did not agree at all with Paul that through Jesus they had acquired the status of people not subject to the law. Margoliouth identified the Teacher of Righteousness in the Zadokite Fragments with Jesus, and the Prophet of Untruth named therein with Paul. Teicher follows suit, and extends the theory to the extensive other sectarian documents found at Qumran. But even the Ebionites believed that Jesus was the Messiah, that he was (at least) identical with the celestial being whom the Book of Enoch designates as "the Son of Man," and that he would soon return and take possession of his kingdom; and other students are unable to find such beliefs about the True Teacher in the Qumran texts.

Three other scholars in England have, however, adopted other minority views with regard to the age of the manuscripts from Qumran. Paul Kahle, a veteran Orientalist and specialist on the text and versions of the Bible, on Masorah and on early Hebrew vocalization, was constructive. He pointed out that the direct attestation (to which attention had been called by Otto Eissfeldt) of a discovery of Hebrew manuscripts in a cave near Jericho around 800 C.E., coupled with the circumstance that just in the tenth and eleventh centuries Karaite and Moslem scholars possess information about an ancient sect whom they call the Cave Folk "because their writings were found in a cave," fur-

nishes the explanation of certain striking affinities between the Karaites and the Qumranites and also explains the presence of the aforementioned Zadokite Fragments and some other writings in the Cairo Genizah. He also pointed out that the Qumran manuscripts must be old, since there was no true parchment among them, let alone paper. He nevertheless felt compelled to descend into the third century C.E. because he thought that one of the fragments from Qumran must have been part of a codex (a book consisting of leaves bound together), since it had writing on both sides. This was a natural conclusion to draw from photographs of the two sides which appeared in a popular magazine. The fact is, however, that the lines of writing on one side are not parallel to those on the other but run at an angle to them, so that it might simply be a case of somebody's having written something on the back of a piece of scroll. The other observations of Kahle which seemed to him to point to a date rather late in the Roman period were likewise misapprehensions; and now that the destruction of the level of Khirbet Qumran whose pottery is identical with that of Scroll Cave 1 and other caves of the neighborhood has been dated by archeological evidence in the year 68 C.E., Kahle, who was not just trying to be different, has doubtless revised his views accordingly.

I shall not, however, venture a guess as to the present position of G. R. Driver, who insisted upon a date around 500 C.E. on very tenuous grounds and in defiance of paleography and other considerations, or of P. R. Weis, whose dating in the eleventh century was even less defensible.

THE most remarkable reaction of all to the scroll finds was the "diabolic conspiracy" school, headed by Dr. Solomon Zeitlin, who is Professor of Rab-

binics at Dropsie College in Philadelphia and editor of *The Jewish Quarterly Review*.

Zeitlin lost no time in declaring the scrolls medieval before he had ever seen the script or wording of any of them. At the conclusion of an article dealing with something quite different in the October 1948 issue of *The Jewish Quarterly Review*, he referred to reports which had come to his notice about a discovery of scrolls, dated on paleographical grounds to the period of the Second Commonwealth, including a commentary on the Book of Habakkuk. "Although I have not seen these manuscripts and have not the right to pass judgment I have my doubts about them. I know that during the Second Commonwealth the Jews did not write commentaries on the biblical books. Such writings began at a much later time." What is true, of course, is that neither Zeitlin nor anybody else had *previously* known of such commentaries dating from the period of the Second Commonwealth (though pieces of "commentary" were known, and the existence of whole books could not be ruled out). Needless to say, Zeitlin did not relent when he had had an opportunity to study the script and contents of the scrolls. The non-biblical texts avoid the Tetragrammaton and say *El* ("God") instead. Zeitlin decrees that that proves they came into being after the end of the Jewish Commonwealth. It has been pointed out to him that the rabbinic sources specifically mention the avoidance of the Tetragrammaton in liturgical formulas as a heretical practice of the Second Commonwealth, but that does not faze him. Zeitlin further discovered that these documents, which are all of religious content, keep referring to the Jews as "Israel": only "Jews," he asserted, was said until the collapse of Bar Kochbeba's rebellion (the Second Jewish Revolt) in 135 C.E. But what

about "Israel" being employed in the First Book of Maccabees, a product of the Hasmonean Age? It was revised after the collapse of Bar Kochbeba (when evidently nobody had anything better to do), decrees Zeitlin.

Zeitlin produced other evidence of this nature, and there were people who enjoyed his articles, letters to the press, and lectures in order, no doubt, to satisfy a craving for shocking exposures. In the course of his campaign, Zeitlin denied that the scrolls had been discovered in caves at all—the caves had only been "salted"—and declared their true place of origin to be first the Cairo Genizah and later the Sephardi synagogue of Hebron (the Jewish community which was destroyed in the Arab pogrom of 1929).

He was not without academic supporters. Weis (whose dating comes closest to Zeitlin's) and Driver have already been mentioned. In this country, E. R. Lacheman (Protestant) and P. Reider (Jewish) each strove to depress the dominant dating by a few centuries; the former on paleographic grounds, the latter by means of other observations on graphic techniques as well as on grammatical habits. But the ally who may be styled Zeitlin's coadjutor was Prof. Harry M. Orlinsky of the New York School of Hebrew Union College—The Jewish Institute of Religion.

There is no point in stating here what, in this writer's opinion, are Orlinsky's positive contributions and what the errors into which he fell, and the opportunities which he, with his special competence, missed as a result of his devotion to the struggle against imaginary forces of darkness. How real and blinding that illusion was, however, can be judged to a considerable extent even by the unassisted layman who reads the extraordinary interview on Wilson's article in the *New Yorker* which he accorded to *American Judaism* (the offi-

cial publication of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations and Affiliates), Vol. V, No. 2 (Chanuko 1955). A cold fury breathes through the whole interview, and it is implied that Judaism and Christianity are both threatened by sinister forces which are using the scrolls for their nefarious purposes. The present writer recalls reading some time late in 1955 or early in 1956 that Dr. Sandmel of the Cincinnati school of Dr. Orlinsky's institution was going, or had gone, to Montreal for the purpose of combating the same peril, which threatened the same victims from the same quarter. There was evidently something of a trend. One should be thankful that it has petered out.

THE interest of the general public in the scrolls, growing steadily ever since they were first heard of, had become a great swell by 1953. Public lectures on them were being given under all sorts of auspices, and articles were being published in all sorts of non-scholarly periodicals. The subject reached the airwaves not only in Britain but also in this country. From the first half of 1956 the writer remembers both radio panel discussions and symposia in *The Saturday Review of Literature* and in *The New Republic*.

But now one has the impression that the peak—or at least a crest—has been passed. That is so, no doubt, partly because the matter has lost some of its novelty, partly because only a few small new texts have been published since the volume *Qumran Cave I* came out in 1955, and partly because it is beginning to be realized (though the editor of a Protestant youth periodical in France inquired last summer whether in my opinion the scrolls were likely to alter the attitude of the Jews to Christianity) that the scrolls cannot revolutionize religious outlooks; as indeed the *a priori* likelihood that newly discovered texts

will influence faith is generally rather slight. But the educated laity is not without appreciation for new light on the history of man and his cultural and spiritual life even if it is not going to change its own way of living. Perhaps, then, some of the loss of interest is due to the anxiety about recent events in

the world that must take precedence over sects, and mystics, and lurid apocalypses, and expanded Bible stories, and astrological manuals, and Bible texts with strange readings. But one must hope that that factor will disappear soon—not merely for the sake of a renewal of interest in the scrolls!

Meditation at Rockaway Beach

By DAVID GALLER

I

What strict neutrality
We draw from our delight
(who ply frail artistry
By which, in certain light,
We make casual talk
With clown or cenobite),
For, taking the vague walk
These chilled streets for the paper,
Our sly histories we stalk
With sudden, flaring taper,
And, threading our way back,
Think long on any leper.

II

Ulysses required Troy
To treasure Penelope,
Yet the sea's years to destroy
Fresh sense of jeopardy.
So, too, did the Son
Lay waste the Father's money,
But wait for a late season
To renew his fealty.

III

A crippled sense of power

Veiled and muted the day
On which, in an off-hour,
I walked in Rockaway,
Soothed, but wary of the low
Houses, and glib to say:
*Oh nothing has changed! oh
Continuity is good!—*

The pale roofs in their slow
Slopes to the sea, mere wood,
Rotted, yet solid past
All my deeds, withstood
These words to the wind cast
(in hope of change despite,
For Present from the Past's
Interment draws its light).

These streets, figured to infuse
The heart with ritual splendor,
Drove me, rather, to accuse
All worn signs of wonder—
How little remained the same . . .
How little altered. The game
Heart guessed that world's stasis,
Despite the mind's desperate changes.

CYNTHIA OZICK was educated at New York University and Ohio State University, where she taught English for a time. Mrs. Ozick now resides in Pelham Bay, New York, and is at work on a novel.

Geoffrey, James or Stephen

By CYNTHIA OZICK

MY GRANDMOTHER - in-law's name is Rebecca Rachel. Perhaps she is eighty; more likely, she is ninety. No one knows exactly, either from her own variable reckonings or from her ambiguous looks, for she has reached that balancing-point in time where literalness no longer matters. I said she may be ninety; I would not dispute it if she declared herself one hundred and ninety. She is no longer incarcerated, merely, in old age: she is life's captive. She is tiny as a child; her skin creaks and jellies in its persistent adhesion to its skeleton; timelessness has twisted her groundward. She is a hundred and again a hundred and then again a hundred.

Her grandchildren and their new-fashioned wives and husbands call her "Bubbie." It would be, even for them, an anachronism, an upheaval to call her "Grandmother." Name must fit spirit, no matter how brokenly the spirit is descried; vaguely the grandchildren discover the proprieties of history-without-geography, and give it, in ruined Yiddish, a phenomenological name: Bubbie. The grandchildren themselves are named Bernard and

Irene and Louis and Leonard and Edmund and Joyce. But the grandmother, spiting the protocol of geography-without-history, calls them Berel and Chaya and Leizer and Laibel and Ephraim and Yaffa. Like mutes fearful of conversing, they turn to her; like the born-deaf tonguing out syllables, they respond. They deplore nothing. They and she are diplomats in conference, leaning across the table, alien to one another. Still, serene in her victories, she is Bubbie, she is Rebecca Rachel, she is what she is. Alone on her plateau, she permits herself a soliloquy. But her grandchildren, face to face with themselves, are Berel and Bernard both, and Irene and Chaya both, and are confounded with perpetual dialogue.

Bubbie owns a mysterious book. She cannot read it. Certainly the grandchildren cannot read it. Yet it fascinates them briefly, like a museum object. The fading letters, each character squarely coaxed into form, were long ago inked in by the quill of some unimaginable ancestor. The speckled binding is so brittle it crumbles at a touch. It is an ancient book; even Bubbie does not know who wrote it—only that it once belonged to her great-

uncle, who received it from his father, who . . .

Bernard-Berel, however, has an interest in antiquity. On a Saturday when Bubbie is safely absent, he steals the book away and takes it to the Public Library, to present it, like an heirloom gem, for appraisal. The young scholar in the Department of Semitic Literature examines it disdainfully. Value? It has no value! For sentimental purposes, and if it belongs in your family—still, it is nothing, it is the commonest thing in the world. What is it? Here, look, read—can't you see it's only a book of lots? See, these letters, arranged like an acrostic puzzle, an anagram, something like that, when put together in a certain manner, according to a certain indexed formula, will supposedly answer certain vital questions, also indexed. It is all a matter of the combination of the letters! It is magic, fortune-telling. It is one of the crudest forms of applied Cabbalah, with hardly any historical importance at all.

So Bernard-Berel wraps up the book again and takes it home, to be hidden away in its box before Bubbie returns. The other grandchildren are disturbed and amused. Magic, so that's what it is! Cabbalah, hah? A black mark on our ancestry, this superstitious relic. Well, they were all superstitious, the Europeans, in those old days: even Bubbie still believes, doesn't she, in the efficacy of prayer? And so among my grandmother-in-law's descendants magic is officially denied, denounced and exorcised in the name of Nowadays. The book is mocked at and exposed for what it unreasonably is and at length is put away and forgotten.

BUBBIE comes home from the synagogue. "Is there water in the kettle?" she calls. A tiny fire, lit before the Sabbath, still wavers on the stove. "Who will have tea with me? Come,

Berel, Chaya! Come, Leizer! Tea, Laibel? Ephraim? Yaffele, come drink tea!" Dreamlike the grown grandchildren move their heads up and down, up and down, every nod disposing of a century, until at last with the twentieth salute they have hailed the latest, the chosen among centuries, which has freed them from the outrageous antiquity of the life of magic. And now with duplicity they pour out the idolatrous libations of their Sabbath tea; carefully they sugar their tea and sip; in close silence they name their names, erecting a wall of names, a fortress of names, Bernard and Irene and Louis and Leonard and Edmund and Joyce until at length their ancestress is encircled, and caged away, and abandoned behind the stones of all their names. Cabbalah is shut up. They are safe in Nowadays.

But "applied" Cabbalah is no ordinary magic, performed by sprites, called up by rings or wands. It is number-magic. It is word-magic. Chiefly and in its most powerful manifestation, it is name-magic. Hence, as long as there are names in the world, Cabbalah will have a way of returning. It is not, as some insist, an outmoded system. Even now it is a sociological influence of importance.

For Cabbalah supports a belief in the efficacy of names. The entire advertising industry rests on this assumption. We are warned a thousand times daily against "accepting a substitute"; the swarmflow of the supermarket is one grand sweep toward "advertised brand names." Identical aspirin formulae under different names can scarcely compete; only the known, the trusted, the "famous-brand" name leaves the druggist's shelves, because it is the name, not the formula, which is invested with power to heal.

But if the minutiae of Cabbalistic jigsaw-puzzling have at last settled on the billboards and in animated tele-

vision commercials, they have returned with force also to the life of the Jew in America. He is the most practised, the most subtle, the most expert manipulator of the "applied" Cabbalah of names. This is as it should be, for the history of no one else has depended so largely on the sustenance of names. In exile the Jew was suckled on the syllables of Jerusalem, and nourished on the sounds of Abraham-Isaac-and-Jacob. His geography was terminology; his history nomenclature. The letters of the alphabet were his playyard and his toys, his fields and his dogs. His name was not his identity merely: it was his destiny. In this respect he was made for Cabbalah.

YET in a strange land, or in his own when it was occupied, his name was often an embarrassment to him. It was in any case at times unfashionable, frequently to the point of lacking taste. Even Joshua, who was High Priest in the Temple around 175 B.C.E., considered his name a social handicap. Greek influences were in the air; people read, dressed and ate Greek. Only a recalcitrant few stubbornly held out against what was practically and politically up-to-date. Joshua, however, headed the Hellenistic faction. And how could any educated man of modern spirit, in tune with his time and his country, hold his head up among civilized and progressive people under a name so awkwardly reminiscent of ancient history, so markedly "different," so redolent of the patently outmoded? Joshua "graecized" his name into Jason.

But why Jason? Etymologically, it has no relation to Joshua. It is not even a translation, for its Greek root probably means "to heal," while the meaning of the Hebrew Joshua is "God is deliverance." Did Joshua, then, choose his new name because, as a man of letters and the world, he was pleased

by its literary allusion—to the Argonauts, to the Golden Fleece, to Medea who dismembered her brother and cast his limbs into the sea? More likely, Joshua became Jason merely because the new name, fortuitously, was almost a transliteration. It was the one traditional Greek name which was nearest in sound—though not in sense or history—to the despised Hebrew one. To this avid Hellenizer, it did not matter that one name was full of praise for God, and that the other rang with violence, blood and the chase. The simplest external congruence was enough: both names, the old and the adopted, began with the letter J.

After three years in office Jason was replaced by a new High Priest, who called himself Menelaus—possibly to the surprise of his mother, who very likely had named him Moshe. As Menelaus had disowned Judaism, however, it would be pointless to bicker about the strange relation his Greek name had, either etymologically or spiritually, to his Benjamite origins, since in 168 B.C.E., two years after he became High Priest, an idol of Zeus was placed on the altar of the Temple. When Antiochus IV, king of Syria, at last grew impatient with these gentler ways of reconciling Jews to the Greek way of life, he relinquished socio-psychological measures for the real thing, and sent an army to devastate Jerusalem. The order made no distinction between Hellenizing Jews who bore the romantic and fashionable names of Jason or Menelaus and homely Jews who were unlucky enough to be called Joshua or Moshe. Thus began the War of the Maccabees: after which we may assume that Jews began to bear Jewish names again, if only until the crisis passed.

THE technique of alphabet-play did not end with Joshua-Jason. And

he, to be sure, was no Cabbalist. Nevertheless, this detailed emphasis on the relative structures of names was, crudely, a Cabbalistic device: severed from Cabbalistic aims, it could have no real effect in the world. Perhaps it was not meant to, for the purpose of Joshua's name-conversion was probably decorative only. Its social or "masking" intentions were certainly minor, for no one holding high office in the Temple at Jerusalem could pretend to be anything but a Jew, no matter how Greek his name. Nor are we told anywhere why another political figure, Hadassah, the niece of the Jew Mordechai, was inappropriately given the additional name of Esther, derived from Ishtar, the Babylonian goddess of fertility. Was it practical politics? Public relations? Neither, because she was called Esther well before Ahasuerus ever made a queen of her.

But mere conformity is not a part of the magic of the Cabbalah of names. Cabbalah struggles to make real, to create what does not already exist. A name ordinarily serves to identify, sometimes to adorn. But a name directed toward Cabbalistic purposes must do more than this. It must be the trigger that opens a chain of desired actions (like the Cabbalist who wished to fly); or it must be a protective charm against evil, a shaper of the good life and an infallible sesame to all the doors of the future.

But it has remained for the twentieth century to synthesize the most practicable and laudable aims of Cabbalah with its most efficient techniques. That, in a technological age, the method of application of Cabbalah should be refined, is not surprising. We have already seen its uses in the advertising industry. But that the science of Cabbalistic name-magic should be employed innocently, without understanding or awareness, by the community of

Jews in twentieth-century America is a little puzzling. How can a practitioner not know of his practice, especially if it is frequent? This is a riddle, but only momentarily, until we remember to ask how many of the millions of users who switch on a radio, pick up a telephone, or turn on a bedlamp know what they are doing—know what cause drives a further cause, or what happens in the mystery of wire.

In the same way, our contemporary Cabbalists do not recognize their own natures, or understand the mystery of the rituals they perform. Even less do they acknowledge their heritage, partly evolved from the aboriginal crudities of the Jason who picked his name because it began with a J, and partly descended from the conjurations of the elite who *almost* knew how to summon the Messiah out of a pile of letters.

AMONG the Jews of Eastern Europe, who are to a large degree the ancestors of contemporary American Jews, there was a simple and poetic custom. Whenever someone in the family died, the next baby to be born was named after him. It was a practice more suitable and reverent and perpetuating of memory than any monument. There was often a line of names passed on from dead grandfathers like musical scales running downward: Judah son of Zev, Zvi son of Judah, Zev son of Zvi, Judah son of Zev, Zvi son of Judah, *ad*, supposedly, *infinitum*. Out of this custom grew a negative one: to name a son for his father (or any child for any living person) was unthinkable—it was almost like wishing the father dead!

The migration to America resulted in cultural tumult. In the new environment law was often discarded, and custom sometimes became law. Of the dual virtues of piety and learning, only piety was transmitted, and the piety of ignorance buttressed the general debasement

of tradition. What was once tradition was now frequently perverted into superstition.

So what the newly-gathered hearth of the American generation sometimes inherited and often perpetuated was a folklore of piety, a collection of the ghosts of a household religion. Children were still named for dead relatives, but the sense of savoring a memory was gone. Worse than this: so darkened were those simple early ideas of celebration, and so twisted were the reins of observance, that the commemorative naming of a child came to be regarded as a kind of mystic duty, a law so awesome that it involved even the dead.

Then came the reversion to magic. Then came the revival of sleight-of-hand Cabbalah. It was, really, the only solution to the dilemma of the new parents in the new land. Suppose the dead grandfather's name were, say, Moses Elijah, a common enough inheritance. Would it be fair to foist such a handicap on a helpless baby? To send him to school with it, to let him grow up with it? Moses Elijah—there it is, listen to it! Impossible!

So the man who has begotten the child, and the woman who suckles it, investigate with subtle art the dim, unconscious vestiges of Cabbalah. Their eyes go like birds to the window where the world lies, and they look for ways to feed on the world. And as they scheme and murmur and plan and prepare, suddenly they have penetrated into the life of Cabbalah. Suddenly they are afflicted with its power and the grandeur of its ambition. Now everything is possible. They do not abandon Moses Elijah; they cannot, for the terrible force of a mistaken "law" compels them to pass on to their son those crippling vocables. And yet they will free him. They will take the syllables of his inherited name, and draw them

over a flat string like beads, and lay them out, and coldly turn them over: and then they will do magic to those syllables, and they will transmute the letters and metamorphize the sound and transmogrify the syllables—until, when the magic is finished, the original vocables will be only a little bell-tinkle, a rustle of dream maintained out of an indifferent respect for the ancestor, and the transfigured, the glorified name will ring out in the hollow of the mouth like a great bronze hammer.

The child will be known as Morton Elliott.

Thus neither the past nor the present is deceived. Ancestral injunction has been obeyed. And by the incantations and alphabet-play of streamlined Cabbalah, the child is saved. Morton Elliott, like all Cabbalistic names, is a potent charm which will ward off evil effects. Presumably, it will release Moses Elijah from the burden of anti-Semitism, first in the street among his playmates, later in the university among his comrades, still later among his business associates. It will give him a kind of protective coloring: his "style" will match the general mode, and will unlatch for him the gates of "the good life," through which he will have unashamed access to the rewards of Anglo-Saxon culture.

For Morton and Elliott are both Anglo-Saxon surnames which have come to be employed as given, i.e. Christian, names. This is not irrelevant. The history and origins of an appellation are closely allied to the power which the Cabbalists can evoke from it. Morton and Elliott in combination, while not calculated to bring on the Messiah, will at least sway the world. And, so perverse is our modern Cabbalah, the name most removed from the biblical shelter of the Name of Names is the one which will best enable a man to soar.

BUT let it not be construed that Cabbalah is private, like many forms of mysticism. On the contrary. Its magic, although directed at a single new-born, is often an event for communal participation. When the name to be "used" has been noised about for some time, neighbors and relatives begin to send in long lists of suggested conversions (based usually on the initial letter of the name which the parents "have to have")—contributions gleaned from baby books, movie manuals, novels, the playmates of their children, or, occasionally, from the stimulating histories of ancient Celtic heroes.

Sometimes there is a reprieve, as when the requirement is David, toward which no bias seems to exist, or, to take another category, Arye, which may be adequately rendered as Leon or Lionel. But translation is not Cabbalah; it is too simple and straightforward. More likely Arye will be called Alan, which is popular in a variety of spellings, or Arthur, for the warrior-king, or perhaps Alfred. No matter—the relatives will find the way of salvation, just as the Cabbalists of an earlier generation found it when they would rename a gravely ill person Chaim, which means life, to insure his recovery.

In the same way, through the blessings of the revived Cabbalah, Martin, Melvin, Merrill, Merwin, Marvin, Malcolm, Marshall, Mitchell, Montgomery, Milton, Millard, Myron, and even Michael (the patron angel of Israel, hence surely an error in this context) have pretended, with many others, to represent Mordechai. And the Hebrew matriarch Sarah is often buried under such devices as Sandra (a form of Alexander, of Russian derivation); Stephanie (Greek); Sabina (Latin); Sheila (the Irish form of Cecelia, which is Latin); Shirley (a surname); Sibyl (Greek for fortune-teller); or Sonia (a

Russian version of the Greek Sophia), to stop at only a few. It is (as the Semitics scholar explained to Bernard Berel) all a matter of the combination of the letters. With this technique, obviously, it is just as easy to name a male for a female, and a female for a male, as it is to be consistent. For the technology of Cabbalah, whatever its requirements, will never demand consistency; and, like all systems of theosophy, Cabbalah defies the pettiness of logic and transcends what, among the worldly, passes for dignity.

But—the pragmatists will want to know—is the Cabbalah of names really working? In England and in South Africa, where ghettoish surnames like Rosenbloom and Ginsberg are sometimes magicked into Ross and Gainsborough; in South America, where Pedro often rides astride Pincus; in Canada and the United States, where Shalom is masked by Sheldon—in all these places, out of which Cabbalistic acrostics daily fly up to heaven to become one with all the other alphabets-of-effect, what new events have been created? What influences, balms or spells have come to pass? Over what fresh fields does history stumble? What has Morton Elliott done that Moses and Elijah have not?

These are questions which the Cabbalists must answer. And perhaps they cannot, for today it is often the magicians themselves who deny the existence of magic.

THE life that is left in my grandmother-in-law flickers boldly in the corner of the kitchen. The veins of her arms are cedar trees. Under a silk shawl her hair is still black as an Indian's.

"What will you call your daughter, Chayale?"

"Amy," Irene answers, "or Ava."

"And if you have a son?"

"We haven't decided yet, Bubbie."

"Won't you call him Abraham, after your father, may he rest in peace?"

"Oh, yes, Bubbie," Irene says. "I've been thinking about Adrian. Or Alvin."

"How about Ashley?" Joyce puts in.

"Why, that's nice! Ashley, that has a nice important sound to it, like a Harvard man. And it will go fine with Farrel." (Farrel is Irene's little son, named for his great-grandfather Ephraim, who, when he signed papers, was known as Frank.)

"Abraham," says Bubbie. "His name will be Abraham."

"But Bubbie, they'll call him Abiel! They'll run after him in the street!"

"Your Abrahams are three, my child: three Abrahams not to be forgotten."

"Three?" Irene wonders. "Abraham my father—"

"And Abraham the great-uncle," Louis reminds her, "the bequeather of the magical book."

"Ah, Abraham the magic-maker." Irene smiles. "That makes two."

The third? The grandchildren ponder.

Then at last, slow in victory, Bubbie begins: "Will you forget Abraham the father of our people?"

Irene appeals to Bernard and Louis

and Leonard and Edmund and Joyce. "Three's a mystic number. She thinks it'll bring me luck!"

"She believes in things," says Leonard.

"Remember that old book she keeps hidden?" says Louis.

Bubbie's shoes peck at the floor like beaks. She takes up the kettle. "*Kinder*, come drink teal! Come, Chayale! Nu, Berel? Leizer! Laibell! Yaffele, come!"

Then begins the march to the stove. They extend their cups, little vessels formed like zeros. In a long row like an anagram they sit, sipping tea. The waning Sabbath thickens with conjecture. Alban? Alistair? Albert? Andrew? Alden? Angus? Archer? Armand? Wait. Armand! There's a name! Armand, a warrior, a name full of power, event, movement, creation. . . .

Bubbie, mired in agelessness, grows quiet; perhaps she sleeps. Her veins like trees are grievous with autumn. Her brow is knotted wood. The grandchildren stare at her foreignly.

"The last of the Cabbalists," says Bernard.

And they go on with the puzzle. Alfred? Austin? Avery? Anselm? Arnold? Alexis?—until Rebecca Rachel has gone to bed and the kettle has turned cold.



Less than four years after Stalin's death, his heirs have repudiated his memory. The empire which he amassed at the cost of so much blood—other people's blood—is in part disintegrating, in part being held together only at the price of a radical transformation. And throughout the world, the Communist movement is in an internal ferment such as it has never known in all its previous history; factional struggles, defections, and splits give expression to the disintegration of a faith. The evolution of this breakdown is here traced by MAURICE J. GOLDBLOOM, a close student of Soviet affairs, whose articles have been published in *The New Republic*, *Commentary* and other periodicals.

The Communist Monolith Crumbles

By MAURICE J. GOLDBLOOM

NO SIMPLE explanation will serve to make clear all the developments, in the Soviet Union, in the other states under Communist rule and in the international movement, that have been responsible for the recent events. These developments are, rather, the result of the combination of a number of more or less independent factors, sometimes reinforcing one another and sometimes pulling in opposite directions. Some of them are directly or indirectly the result of Stalin's death; others were already at work during his lifetime. In order to understand them in their play on events, we must go back a few years. As early as 1950, for instance, there were signs that a new Communist "popular front" line was in the making. Tried out first in one country and then in another, the line was already generally in operation by the time it was officially promulgated under Stalin's imprimatur at the Nineteenth Con-

gress of the Soviet Communist party in October 1952. Closely related to this was the campaign for "peace," carried out through a combination of formal diplomacy and mass propaganda; together with the demand for "national independence"—in Asia and Africa, independence from Europe; in Europe and Latin America, independence from the United States—the Russian peace drive formed the basic platform of the new popular front.

The Twentieth Congress of the Soviet Communist party represented no significant departure from the line of the Nineteenth. It produced no major changes in policy and no basic shift in tactics. Stalin's successors *intended* only to carry out the plans which he had laid down four years earlier, and which still seemed tactically sound. At the same time, however, their best-laid plans came up against another factor which had made itself felt even during Stalin's lifetime: the increasingly cen-

trifugal tendency of the international Communist movement, a kind of simple and necessary result of the fact that there were Communist governments in countries other than the Soviet Union, always presenting the danger that they might become independent centers of power. In the case of Tito, Stalin had, with the results we know, attempted to choke off this danger. China, however, was a different matter; Stalin might attempt to control the Chinese by intrigue and by giving or refusing the economic and political support they needed, but he knew better than to use on Mao-Tse-Tung the methods he had tried on Tito. The Chinese leaders, for their part, paid lip service to Russian primacy, while at the same time they unmistakably asserted their claim to equality.

Outside of the directly Communist-controlled countries, some of the larger Communist parties showed a certain measure of independence even when Stalin was alive. They could not reject a line determined on by Moscow, but they were able to accelerate or delay its introduction and modify its application. Thus under Togliatti in Italy, "soft" lines tended to be softer, and "revolutionary" lines more moderate, than elsewhere. The Italian Communist party, with its heavy stake in effective mass organizations and wealthy institutions, was one of the first by whom new popular fronts were tried and one of the last to lay the old aside. In France, the reverse was true. André Marty and Charles Tillon were able to muster sufficient support in the party organization to delay the application of the current popular front line for a year before they were expelled.

BUT if the Chinese party had unmistakably asserted its equality with the Russian, and tendencies toward independence also existed elsewhere even

before Stalin's death, that event greatly intensified the trend. The "cult" of his "personality" had been the chief cohesive element in the international Communist movement. His infallibility set a universally accepted standard of right and wrong; after his death, there was no oracle of comparable authority left to replace him. None of his successors in the Soviet Union had his unquestioned authority. A divided Soviet leadership could scarcely expect to obtain the unqualified obedience from foreign parties—at least from strong ones—which they had offered up to the late demigod.

One of the immediate effects of Stalin's death was to confirm the Chinese Communists in their status as an independent center of power in the international Communist movement, capable of competing with the Soviet Union at least in certain areas. There is reason to believe that the various competitors for Stalin's power sought Mao's support in their internecine struggles, and in particular that they asked his ratification of their coup against Beria. Mao's support in the factional struggles inside Russia proved to be far from decisive; nevertheless, being called in on the settlement of internal Russian struggles gave him final and official title to non-obedience.

In the European Communist movement, of course, the Russians could not so easily be deposed from their position of unquestioned domination, a domination that found formal expression in—though it did not derive from—the existence of the Cominform. Still, non-Communists as well as Communists in the satellites felt less awe of the new leaders than they had of Stalin.

At the same time, the members of the junta in Moscow sought popular support against one another, and against other possible competitors for

Stalin's mantle, by relaxing the terror and promising a greater production and distribution of consumer goods. (The relaxation of the terror was doubtless due as much to their disrupting Stalin's police apparatus as a measure of self-protection—since before his death he had already set in motion the wheels of a purge directed against them—as it was to any conscious political calculation.) In the Soviet Union itself, the habit of obedience had been inculcated by thirty-five years of terror, and sealed by the bloodletting of peoples like the Ukrainians, who had utilized the Nazi invasion as an opportunity for rebellion. The immediate public reaction to the new let-up in the Soviet Union was only a cautious feeling of relief; there was as yet no thought of challenging the Kremlin's authority even in the most peripheral way. But the satellites were less accustomed to the yoke. A relaxation of the pressure of naked Soviet power released the force of a still uneradicated spirit of national independence. The result was the unrest of June 1953 in Czechoslovakia and East Germany. In both cases, the authorities had introduced measures further depressing the standard of living—in Germany, an increase in output norms; in Czechoslovakia, a currency reform wiping out the small savings of the workers—at precisely the time when Soviet pronouncements had led the people to expect an improvement in their living conditions.

It is also important to remember that Stalinist oppression had never operated as rigorously in East Germany as it had in the other satellites. Contact with the West had remained relatively free, because of the special status of Berlin. The Christian Democratic and Liberal Democratic parties had been permitted a nominal independence, which had some reality organizationally though none politically. In

East Berlin the Social Democrats, outlawed everywhere else in Russia's Europe, continued to exist under the terms of an agreement that permitted the Communist "Socialist Unity" party to function in West Berlin. And in Czechoslovakia, the last European country to be taken over by the Communists, Stalin's death—followed quickly by that of the Czech Communist leader, Klement Gottwald—came at a time when the memory of past freedom and prosperity was still fresh. A particularly disquieting element of the uprisings in East Germany and Czechoslovakia for the Soviet Union and its puppets was that their participants were primarily industrial workers; indeed, many were long-time Communists. But as the Czech army and police remained obedient, and Soviet tanks were able to suppress the East German revolt with little difficulty, the Communist leaders of East Germany and Czechoslovakia rode out the storm without significant changes of either personnel or policy. Nevertheless, it was clear that from now on the Soviet Union had to reckon with a real danger of revolt in the "people's democracies."

THE Czech and East German revolts probably had some influence in the fall of Beria. While his colleagues certainly feared him and sought his destruction from the beginning, it was impossible to attack the head of the MVD without the support of the army. Now the generals were disturbed at the strategic threat represented by satellite rebellions. Beria, both as the man responsible for security and as the principal advocate of the policy of "liberalization" which had permitted "enemies of the people" to raise their heads, must have seemed to the generals to be largely responsible for their troubles. So the army lined up with Beria's ene-

mies. He was placed under military arrest—or perhaps shot on the spot, and tried and sentenced posthumously—and Marshal Zhukov entered the governing hierarchy over, quite literally, Beria's dead body.

If Zhukov furnished the armed force necessary to get rid of Beria, the political decision to do so almost certainly came from Nikita Khrushchev. Immediately after Stalin's death Khrushchev had been elevated to the post of Party Secretary by what was apparently a coalition between Beria and the Stalinist old guard, Kaganovich and Molotov, to cut Malenkov down to size. Because the latter concentrated in his person the offices of Prime Minister and Party Secretary, he constituted the most immediate danger to his Politburo colleagues, and they protected themselves in advance by stripping him of the party post before he could consolidate his power. One may only surmise why Khrushchev was designated as his successor. Perhaps it was because the strongest members of the Politburo feared him less than they feared each other. Perhaps his age, his fondness for the bottle and the fact that he had been somewhat discredited by the poor results of his agricultural program, made them feel that he was less likely than other possible candidates to use the secretaryship as a stepping-stone to dictatorship. Whatever the reason, they chose him and he proceeded to dig himself in. It is significant that the fall of Beria followed closely on his attempt to purge the Ukrainian party apparatus as he had already purged other parts of the Soviet Union. Probably Beria's other purges did not disturb Khrushchev unduly; in many cases they must have given him an opportunity, as secretary of the party, to put in his own men as successors to the purgees. But when Beria attacked Khrushchev's own machine in the

Ukraine, that was something else again. Khrushchev had little choice but to seek a coalition with the others who feared Beria, and the coalition, when it won the support of the army, was strong enough to crush the head of the MVD.

After the suppression of the Czech and German uprisings and the liquidation of Beria, the Soviet leaders entered on a period of consolidation and, to some extent, of internal and external conciliation. The struggle for power among them continued, but for the moment less intensely. As Premier, Malenkov directed the state machinery. As Party Secretary, Khrushchev wielded the party apparatus. As Defense Minister, Bulganin nominally controlled the army. But Bulganin was the party's representative in the army, the head of its political section and not a military man. Real power in the army rested with Zhukov and his associates, though his influence, too, may have been held in check to some extent by a rival clique headed by Konev and Vassilievsky, men more closely identified than he first with Stalin and then with the new party leadership. (Even today, though now Minister of Defense, Zhukov is only a Candidate Member of the Politburo. It is likely that he and his colleagues are wary of endangering his popularity in the army and the country by too close an identification with the party machine.)

THOUGH Beria's relaxation of the terror may have contributed to his downfall, his policy survived him. We can easily see why. The instrument of the terror was the police. Beria had spent five months purging his enemies from the MVD apparatus; when he was destroyed, the Politburo naturally purged his friends. These successive purges can hardly have failed to undermine the effectiveness of the police

apparatus. In addition, the Soviet leaders were anxious to forestall the danger of a new Beria rising to threaten them. They could only protect themselves by reducing the power of the police—and that meant limiting the terror.

The alternative to the stick is the carrot. Hence the "Malenkov line" of shifting emphasis from heavy industry to consumer goods. But a de-emphasis of heavy industry meant that a limit had to be set on the production of arms. Other considerations also pressed for such a reduction: Russia was suffering from a growing labor shortage. Her industrial plans had been predicated on an overestimate of the available labor force; they had been carried out by stripping agriculture of manpower, with the result that agricultural production was in a state of permanent crisis. (One of the main functions of collectivization had been to reduce the number of people on the land by increasing efficiency and thereby create a labor supply for the new factories. In 18th-century England, this function had been performed by the enclosure acts. Khrushchev tried to repeat the process by creating super-collectives. It didn't work, since most of the collectives were already so large that merging them cut down their efficiency instead of increasing it.) One available source of additional workers was the concentration camps. Their wasteful use of labor and the appalling death rate among their inmates were luxuries ill-afforded by a country with a labor shortage. This, rather than any sudden access of liberalism or humanitarian feeling in the Kremlin, was probably the chief reason for the release of millions of prisoners and the closing of many of the camps.

The second great reserve of labor that could be tapped was the army. A reduction in its size was essential. But this had its inevitable repercussions in

foreign policy. On the one hand, the Soviet leaders suddenly discovered they had a great interest in establishing an agreement for the reduction of conventional arms: if they had to cut their own armed forces, they naturally wanted to persuade the West to do the same. At the same time, any diversion of either men or industrial capacity from military use seriously affected Russia's ability to carry on an aggressive foreign policy. It therefore became important for Soviet leaders to bring about a relaxation of international tensions. Their problem was how to do so at the least possible diplomatic cost, and if possible even to win themselves some concessions in the process. Here we have the explanation of Geneva, of the series of new Soviet disarmament proposals and, to some extent, of the rapprochement with Tito.

THE Moscow break with Tito had been a crucial mistake. In 1948 the Yugoslav Communist leaders had no thought of rebellion; such national independence as they wanted was on the same level as that actually permitted today to the Czechs and East Germans. If anything, they were more blatantly anti-Western than the other countries in the Soviet sphere, partly because of their dispute with Italy over Trieste. In the United Nations, they had only once taken a different position from that of the Soviet Union—this was when in the UN Special Committee on Palestine they advocated a bi-national state, rather than the partition plan urged by Czechoslovakia and supported by the Soviet Union. Yet even here Stalin may simply have neglected to take them into his confidence when he decided to support partition. And they eventually scrapped their own plan—on the ostensible ground that it appeared to have no chance of success—and joined the rest of the Soviet bloc

in support of partition. Even after their expulsion from the Cominform, it took the Yugoslavs a long time to stop supporting the Soviet bloc. But Stalin's cold war against them left them little choice; they had to seek friends where they could find them, which meant in the West. And, as has almost always been the case in the Communist movement, the organizational split was followed by the development of differences of policy and theory. Communists, trained to believe in the essential interdependence of all aspects of theory and practice, need such *ex post facto* justifications even more than most people do.

In his secret speech to the Twentieth Congress, Khrushchev blames the Yugoslav split on "Stalin's delusions of grandeur." Certainly on the surface Stalin's attack on Yugoslavia seems like the sort of purposeless invitation to disaster that can only be explained in terms of psychopathology. But it may have been rational enough. If in 1948 Tito's divergences from the Moscow line were slight, Wladyslaw Gomulka in Poland had already deviated very perceptibly in a nationalist direction. Gomulka had, for instance, repeatedly praised the old Polish Socialist party—the leader of national resistance to Czarist Russia—and criticized the internationalism of Rosa Luxemburg's Social Democratic party of Poland and Lithuania, which had become the Communist party. And he had gone out of his way to emphasize the difference between the Russian and Polish "roads to socialism." Vlado Clementis in Czechoslovakia and Lucretiu Patrascanu in Rumania had also showed disquieting leanings toward independence. Indeed, the Polish and Czech governments had wanted to join the Marshall Plan, and only a peremptory order from the Kremlin had prevented them from doing so.

Stalin was not in the position to make a direct attack on either Poland or Czechoslovakia. Economically, they were the most important of the satellites, and Poland was the largest. They had strong traditional ties with the West. And in neither country had the liquidation of non-Communist political groups been completed; an attempt to purge the "national Communist" leaders at this point involved at least some risk of driving them into a bloc with non-Communist groups against their Moscow-oriented comrades. Yugoslavia, on the other hand, was industrially backward and economically weak. There were deep divisions between its various nationalities, and pan-Slav sentiment was traditionally strong. Furthermore, the Yugoslav regime was utterly estranged from the West, by the Trieste dispute, the shooting down of American planes and Yugoslavia's massive aid to the Greek guerrillas. The elimination of non-Communist parties had been started by the Nazis and efficiently completed by Tito. All these things probably made Stalin feel that the Yugoslav leaders would quickly succumb to a purge, and that their fate would point a moral which the Poles and Czechs, as well as the other satellites, could hardly miss.

It was soon clear, however, that Stalin had miscalculated; the characters of the Yugoslav leaders, the *esprit de corps* developed among them in the partisan struggle, the fact that they had received military aid during the war from the West but not from the Soviet Union and the efficiency of Alexander Rankovich's secret police contributed to Yugoslavia's standing pat in the face of Stalin. Yet even so, the Yugoslav affair did serve the purpose of a warning; Gomulka was purged in Poland and Clementis was shot by his Czech comrades. In the other satellites, too,

the same fate overtook such nationalists, suspected nationalists and potential nationalists as Lucretiu Patrascanu in Rumania, Laszlo Rajk in Hungary and Traicho Kostov in Bulgaria. (The downfall of Ana Pauker and the execution of Vasile Luca in Rumania and the overt anti-Semitism of the Slansky trial in Czechoslovakia were the other side of this coin: they were devout Stalinists, but the purging of genuine nationalists was facilitated by appeasing the spirit of nationalism with a bit of Jew-baiting. This was probably more responsible for the manner of the attack on them than for its occurrence, since their fall seems to have been connected with the purge of Zhdanov—and perhaps Beria—adherents that Malenkov was conducting on Stalin's behalf.)

STILL, the fact that Tito survived and even flourished with American aid was a standing incitement to revolt in the Soviet sphere. And the close relations which he succeeded in establishing with the Asian and Arab countries, especially those with neutralist inclinations, made the feud with him a serious embarrassment in precisely the area that Soviet foreign policy regarded as most crucial. While Stalin lived, nothing could be done about the situation; his personal prestige was irrevocably committed to the extirpation of Tito and "Titoism," and he could accept no terms except the impossible one of unconditional surrender. Even for Stalin's successors, peace with Tito involved difficulties. The gap between the Russian and Yugoslav systems had been steadily widening since 1948, and a rapprochement with the heretic could have a bad effect on the satellites. But the risk had to be taken. Gradually the tone of Soviet references to Tito changed, and in the spring of 1955 the world was startled by the an-

nouncement that Khrushchev and Bulganin were to visit Belgrade.

The price the Russians were ready to pay for peace was a high one—though it probably took a while before they realized the full implications of the concessions they promised Tito. To start with, they admitted that the primary blame for the break between the two countries lay in Moscow, and in effect agreed to pay substantial reparations. They tried to lay all the blame on the late Lavrenti Beria. But this was not enough to satisfy the Yugoslavs, and even before the Twentieth Congress the Soviet leaders were ready to give Stalin a share of the blame. Moreover, they were willing to mollify Tito even further by downgrading Molotov, who, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, had played an active role in the break, first by forcing him to confess publicly that he was a poor theoretician, and then by removing him from the Ministry altogether as a prelude to Tito's visit to Moscow. Of course, Khrushchev probably also had reasons of his own for wanting Molotov out of the way, but the timing makes it clear that relations with Tito were the decisive factor. And most dangerous of all to the Soviet party's claim to international leadership, they officially recognized that there could be more than one valid road to "socialism" and that Tito's methods were just as legitimate as theirs, and even further, that he might have some things to teach them.

These formal verbal and ideological concessions were in themselves of major importance. From Tito's point of view they increased both his prestige and Yugoslavia's security, and they strengthened his hand in bargaining with the West. There was some danger, however, that Tito's closer relations with Moscow might have just the opposite effect and lead to distrust in Washington and a consequent cut in American

aid. If such a thing were to happen, his bargaining position vis-a-vis the Russians would deteriorate drastically, and Yugoslavia might even be forced to return to satellite status as the price of rescue. This was Tito's greatest risk; he apparently banked on his ability to convince the United States that he had no intention of giving up his independence if he could help it, and that it was worthwhile continuing to help him keep it. And he succeeded in doing so, a fact that may well have been of crucial importance in determining the subsequent events in Eastern Europe.

From the Soviet point of view, the confession of error and the recognition of Tito as an equal served in creating the image of sweet reasonableness that Khrushchev wished to present to the world. It not only helped to win a hearing for Russian propaganda in Asia but to relax the tension between Russia and the West. There was an immediate toning down of Yugoslav propaganda broadcasts to the neighboring Communist states, and probably a cessation of direct efforts to subvert their governments. If all this were also to disturb Yugoslav relations with the West, that would be an extra dividend, and the Russians took every opportunity to exaggerate the extent of the rapprochement.

There were, however, great risks involved for the Russian leaders, too. Their reconciliation with Tito, on terms so favorable to him, automatically encouraged every tendency toward national independence in the satellites. Tito himself demanded, and the Russians specifically promised him, that the satellites would be given greater autonomy, perhaps even independence in some not too precisely defined sense. (The outward symbol of this change was the liquidation of the Cominform.) At the same time, and not very con-

sistently, he demanded that the Russians guarantee certain changes in the personnel and policies of the satellite governments, particularly as they affected Yugoslavia. His ideas about which leaders were fit, and which were not, to lead the nations of Eastern Europe to their new independence were most definite. Indeed, it sometimes seemed as if he were demanding that the Soviet empire be converted into a Russo-Yugoslav condominium.

Some of his demands were met fairly soon. People who had been imprisoned as Titoists were released. Some who had been executed were rehabilitated. Rudolf Slansky, who had paid with his life for being a Trotskyite-Titoist-Zionist-American agent (all the charges were equally true), ceased retroactively to be a Titoist, but remained a traitor, as well as a corpse. The Mapam leader Mordecai Oren, who had confessed among other things to conspiring with Slansky and the Yugoslav leader Moshe Pijade, was released (though not fully rehabilitated) and permitted to return to Israel, there to defend the "people's democracies." In most of the Soviet sphere, however, those purges available for release were (except for occasional Yugoslav and other foreign citizens) almost exclusively people of minor importance who had been completely broken by persecution—and who had been victims rather than rebels or heretics in the first place. The rest were dead.

ONE of the satellites, however, was an important exception in this regard. In Poland the purged national Communists remained alive, and they were both genuinely nationalist and politically important. Among those released in Poland was the former party leader Wladyslaw Gomulka, a man neither broken nor discredited and with a popularity that extended

throughout and beyond the ranks of the Communist party. Elsewhere, the purges that Tito demanded were more significant than the (usually posthumous) rehabilitations. The extent to which his wishes were heeded, and the insistence with which he advanced them, varied from country to country. Poland had shed no Titoist blood, and had taken part in the campaign against Tito only to the minimum extent that Cominform protocol required. Hence he sought no heads there. In East Germany the situation for Tito was fairly similar. Czechoslovakia's purge had been a bloody one, but it seems likely that none of the men executed in it were of any real interest to Tito; having no common border with Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia had been involved in the anti-Yugoslav campaign to only a limited extent. Besides, it had been under the rule of Klement Gottwald at the time of Tito's expulsion from the Cominform, and Gottwald was dead. So while Tito leveled occasional theoretical condemnations against the Stalinist rigidity of the Czech leaders, he displayed little active interest in having them purged. Nor did he bring too much pressure to bear in the case of Rumania; the country had been less actively involved in the attack on him than any of his other immediate neighbors, and he may well have regarded Gheorgiu-Dej as the least of the available evils there. (It would not be the first instance in which outsiders felt it impossible to judge Rumanian political life by any other standard than that of the lesser evil.)

Tito's special hatred was reserved for his three other Cominform neighbors—Vulko Chervenkov of Bulgaria, Mattyas Rakosi in Hungary and Enver Hoxha in Albania. Hoxha is still in power, and relations between the Yugoslav and Albanian regimes remain

those of cold war. This is probably because the Albanian geographical and economic position is such that there is little alternative between Hoxha and direct Yugoslav control. Even before 1939, every Albanian government took orders either from Belgrade or from Rome. Until 1948, the Albanian Communists took their orders from Tito rather than directly through Moscow. After the Cominform expelled Yugoslavia, Enver Hoxha shot several of his closest associates, including Minister of the Interior Koci Xoxe, as Titoists. In a sense, Albania stood in the same relation to Yugoslavia as Yugoslavia stood to the Soviet Union—that of a rebellious satellite, except that Tito had no intention of making any concessions for the sake of reconciliation. In the case of Albania, dependence on Moscow comes closer to being national independence than dependence on Belgrade! The Albanian regime also derives some strength from the fact that Greece claims a large part of the country, and might move in to enforce its claims in case of a civil war; this may also have restrained Tito from actually organizing Hoxha's overthrow.

Tito had more success in his attacks on Vulko Chervenkov in Bulgaria and Mattyas Rakosi in Hungary, though the success came slowly. And their immediate successors differed from Tito's enemies only in having been less personally involved in the campaign against Yugoslavia: they were simply lower in the party hierarchy. In Bulgaria, there are as yet no significant signs of a trend either toward national Communism or liberalization. A few tentative steps toward liberalization were taken by some intellectuals, but the government cracked down on them quickly. No one should be surprised, however, if Bulgaria is the next satellite to erupt.

TITO's most violent hatred was reserved for Mattyas Rakosi: no more ruthless Stalinist than he was to be found anywhere, and none who had been more violent in attacking the Yugoslavs after 1948. Now, Rakosi's position had already been weakened even before the Soviet rapprochement with Tito; the power which he concentrated in himself as Premier and Party Secretary was sharply cut when Imre Nagy succeeded him in the former office on July 4, 1953. This was very far from being an Independence Day for Hungary, but it did mark a "new course" of increased consumer goods and decreased terror similar to the one Malenkov was carrying out in the Soviet Union. During Nagy's tenure, there began an intellectual ferment which continued and grew even after his fall (Nagy's fall was a consequence of Malenkov's) on April 18, 1955. At the time of the Khrushchev-Bulganin visit to Belgrade, Rakosi was in power as Party Secretary, and in the post of Premier was the obedient Andreas Hegedus, but opposition to his rule was already finding expression, particularly among intellectuals. On the defensive against Tito's attacks and pressed by Moscow to make concessions to the Yugoslav leader, Rakosi was not in the position to resort to the kind of repression he had used so effectively in the past—and the ferment continued to grow. Then came destalinization.

THE downgrading of Stalin had actually begun right after his death. His successors could have had no illusions about the true sentiments of most of the Soviet people toward the departed dictator: they knew their own. The amnesties and rehabilitations, the promised improvements in the standard of living with which they heralded their new regime were obviously intended to dissociate them from any re-

sponsibility for Stalin's tyranny—although without fundamentally altering it. But their own power, after all, derived from Stalin; to repudiate him completely before they themselves were firmly entrenched would have involved an incalculable risk. So they wavered and compromised, attacking specific features of Stalin's regime but not his person. References to him in the press, radio, etc. would disappear and reappear by fits and starts. Yet after the reconciliation with Tito, it was inevitable that Stalin should be purged once and for all.

It seems clear that there was a Politburo decision well before the Twentieth Congress to use the Congress as the occasion for dispelling the myth of his infallibility. But it also seems clear that they had no intention of going as far with this as they did. Bertram Wolfe in his excellent book, *Khrushchev and Stalin's Ghost* (Praeger, New York, 1956), advances very good reasons for believing that Khrushchev's speech was planned in advance and not precipitated by Mikoyan's attacking Stalin by name. He points out in particular that the selection and printing of the documents distributed in connection with the speech must have been undertaken well before the Congress, and that a Soviet historical magazine had already begun the rehabilitation of Stalin's purges. Yet these facts are perfectly consistent with the hypothesis that the Politburo originally intended a rather milder degree of downgrading, and left the specific content of the various speeches to its individual members, subject only to a general directive. Certainly there were very great variations in tone among the speeches. Mikoyan's, the first to attack Stalin by name in public, was also sharper in its criticism than any of the other speeches made in public. Malenkov's speech, though it did not mention Stalin by

name, was unmistakable in its criticism. Molotov and Kaganovich, on the other hand, seemed to be engaging in a formal exercise, criticizing the past just as little as was consistent with carrying out a directive of which they obviously disapproved. To this writer, it seems quite possible that Khrushchev had intended a much less vehement attack on Stalin than the one he actually made, and that he changed his mind after Mikoyan's speech—*particularly in view of the fact that the specific instances of injustice cited by Mikoyan came from the Ukraine, and could hence have been interpreted as a covert challenge to Khrushchev himself.*

Certainly Khrushchev's speech was as devastating an attack as has ever been made on a man's memory by one of his former faithful followers; it is reminiscent of the sort of resolutions the Roman Senate used to pass after the emperors who, alive, had been officially deified, had gone to join the other members of the pantheon. Inevitably, Khrushchev's overturning of the Stalin myth raised two questions: what circumstances permitted Stalin to acquire the power to commit such crimes for so long, and what were his "comrades in arms," the new rulers of Russia, doing meanwhile? Khrushchev anticipated these questions in his speech, and attempted to answer them. His answers, however, did not manage to silence the questioners, and he has been reiterating and supplementing them since, but the questions still remain.

ORIGINALLY the Khrushchev speech was delivered before a secret session of the Congress; not only its contents but its existence were supposed to remain a secret even from the foreign Communist leaders who were the Soviet party's honored guests. A secret shared by a whole party congress,

however, is doomed, and it was not long before the rumors of Khrushchev's speech had spread throughout and beyond the Soviet Union. Meanwhile, the Politburo apparently decided that at least the key personnel of the Communist movement in Russia and the satellite leaders—and Tito—must be informed of its contents. This may have been a deliberate political decision to make the destalinization campaign a thoroughgoing one, or it may simply have been a belated attempt to give these people accurate information as a basis for responding to the rumors already in circulation. At any rate, once the text had been distributed this widely, it could no longer be concealed at all. The United States State Department obtained a copy—perhaps more than one, since there is reason to believe that leaks took place both in Poland and Yugoslavia—and distributed the text throughout the world.

The result was cataclysmic. In the satellites and the Soviet Union itself, Khrushchev's exposition of Stalin's crimes and descriptions of the degradation of the Soviet system over a period of three decades could no longer be confined to a limited audience. Every oppositional tendency in the satellites was strengthened; the authority of those who had received their power from Stalin's hands was undermined. Even in the Soviet Union itself, the speech had inevitable repercussions. It was impossible to condemn Stalin's terror against all critics without encouraging at least some tentative beginnings of criticism, and in intellectual circles criticism was attempted with increasing frequency and boldness. In Georgia, the homeland of Stalin and Beria, there were outbreaks of large-scale rioting—less, perhaps, because of any love for Stalin than because of a fear that the repudiation of Stalin meant trouble for Georgia as well.

But the effect of the admissions was perhaps most easily observable in the Communist parties outside the Soviet sphere. For them, the confession of crimes even worse than the ones which anti-Communists had been charging against Stalin was a disaster. For it involved a repudiation of everything they had been saying for decades, and they had no power of censorship to protect them from having this pointed out. Moreover, for many of their members, and even some of their leaders, there was an inner crisis as well; they had really believed the things they said, and in many cases made substantial sacrifices in the interests of the Communist movement. Now they were officially told they had been living a lie.

THE reaction of the individual Communist parties, and of various elements within them, differed. There was relatively little effect in France, where the leaders were almost exclusively careerists and the party members by and large were far less interested in anything that happened in the Soviet Union than they were in expressing a thoroughgoing rejection of a society in which they felt they had no part. French leaders were not critical of the attempt to attribute all the faults of the Soviet system to Stalin; they balked at the admission that such things *were* faults. Like Molotov and Kaganovich at the Twentieth Congress, they confined their criticisms of the late hero within the narrowest possible limits, and stressed his accomplishments. In Italy, on the other hand, Palmiro Togliatti finally gave voice to his long-standing doubts about the validity of many aspects of the Soviet system. (Silone tells us how Togliatti deliberately stifled those doubts in the interest of the party, but they obviously remained with him.) So sharp was Togliatti's criticism that the Soviet leaders felt it necessary to reply

to him. He subsequently modified his tone, but he did not retract. And since then he has revealed his true inclinations by bringing about a close rapprochement between his party and Tito. He emphasized the existence of a specifically Italian "road to socialism," and an Italian delegation to Belgrade declared after its visit that Italian Communists had much to learn from Yugoslavia—without mentioning the Soviet Union. Meanwhile Pietro Nenni, winner of the Stalin Peace Prize and leader of the fellow-traveling Italian Socialist party, began to recall publicly the attacks he had made on Stalinism in the '30's and to emphasize the evils of dictatorship and the necessity for democratic methods. Later, he pulled even further away from his Communist allies, finally dissolving the Pact of Unity which bound his party to theirs, and negotiated seriously for reunion with the anti-Communist Social Democrats, led by Giuseppe Saragat, who had split with him eight years before.

Even sharper criticism of the Kremlin came from the Communist parties of the English-speaking countries. One factor of particular importance in these countries was the disclosure by a Warsaw Yiddish newspaper, *Folkshtimme*, of the details of Stalin's purge of Soviet Jews. To Jewish Communists—and they were an important element in the parties of the United States, Canada and Great Britain—these revelations about a country which they had been accustomed to defending on the ground that it had abolished anti-Semitism came as a bitter shock. True, the fact of the purges, if not their extent, had been widely known outside of Russia, but these people had really believed the Soviet denials and passionately attacked those whom they regarded as slanderers of the "workers' fatherland."

The New York *Daily Worker* repeatedly returned to the attack on the Jew-

ish quetion, criticizing the Khrushchev speech for not referring to it, protesting when *Pravda* omitted a reference to Stalin's persecution of the Jews in reprinting an article by Eugene Dennis, protesting when Politburo member Ekaterina Furtseva denied the existence of the problem of anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union. Moreover, it refused to accept the excuses offered by Khrushchev and company for their own part in Stalin's regime. The paper's writers admitted that they themselves had hurt the cause of socialism by their refusal to criticize the Soviet Union when it was wrong, and promised that they would avoid that fault in the future. And they actually did, on a number of occasions—some of them of major significance—criticize and reject the official Soviet line. Indeed, both the New York *Daily Worker* and its London namesake went so far as to contrast Khrushchev's denunciation of Stalin's terror and the procedures of the purge trials with his own use of such procedures two months later in the execution, on the charges of Beriaism, of the Azerbaijani group headed by Bagirov.

MEANWHILE, in both Poland and Hungary the floodgates were opened. The Polish press actively engaged in exposing and denouncing the abuses and failures of the regime; the great majority of the intellectuals joined the agitation for reforms, and a faction of the Communist party headed by Premier Joseph Cyrankiewicz joined them. Cyrankiewicz was a former Socialist, a fact that may have made him more responsive to popular feeling than some of his colleagues. The timely death of the veteran Stalinist leader, Boleslaw Bierut, probably facilitated the liquidation of Stalinism in Poland. A crucial point of morale was reached with the Poznan riots; the government had to decide whether to accept the

Soviet position that the rioters were reactionaries in the pay of the Americans, and to respond by repression, or to admit that the riots were brought on by genuine grievances, and to try to remedy them. It chose the latter course, and acted on its choice by rejecting Soviet Premier Bulganin's demand that it curb the Polish press. It also appears to have recognized that a policy of reform, particularly one that went beyond Moscow's desires, required the widest possible support and the strongest available leadership. The result was the recall to power of Wladyslaw Gomulka. And when the Soviet leaders descended on Warsaw in a body to block his recall, and emphasized their point by setting Soviet troops in motion, the Polish leaders responded by mobilizing their own army and giving guns to the workers of Warsaw, and by threatening to break off negotiations if the Russian troops were not halted. Faced with the prospect of a war to subdue Poland, the Russians capitulated. They accepted the return of Gomulka to the party leadership, with a Politburo from which the Russophile faction was practically excluded. Soviet Marshal Rokossovsky was removed immediately from the Polish Politburo, and not long afterward gave up his post as Defense Minister; a large number of other Soviet officers also were separated from their posts in the Polish Army and went back to Russia. And in subsequent negotiations in Moscow, the Soviet Union made major economic concessions to Gomulka and promised that future relations between the two countries would be on a basis of equality; in turn, Gomulka agreed to the continued presence of Soviet troops in Poland—but received the right to limit the areas in which they could operate.

In Poland, a national Communist government was possible because even in Stalin's time the Polish regime had

avoided mass purges and executions, whether of non-Communists or Communists. Almost all Polish Communists resented Soviet domination. Gomulka and his friends had become symbols of national independence even to the non-Communist majority of the population, just as Tito did after his break with Moscow. From the point of view of the Soviet leaders, Polish national Communism was at least better than an armed conflict. So they accepted the fact that Poles do not make good Quislings, and sought to retain them as allies.

IN HUNGARY, however, there was little basis for a national Communist movement. Rivers of blood—Communist and non-Communist alike—separated the Rakosi regime from the people of Hungary. Every “Titoist” or near-Titoist of any stature had been executed. Yet Rakosi had to go. He was no longer able to suppress the discontent at home; at the same time, Tito’s polemics rained on his head. And—perhaps because he realized that he could not hope to divorce himself from his past—he remained an unabashed Stalinist even after Khrushchev’s speech. So Mikoyan stopped off in Budapest and then proceeded to visit Tito at Brioni, bringing Rakosi’s political head on a charger. But Rakosi had to be replaced by Erno Gerö, who differed from him only in having less ability. Tito grudgingly accepted the change as the best he could get, and opened negotiations with Gerö.

The Hungarian people, however, were interested in more than a changing of the guard. Discontent continued to be expressed in outright defiance; Gerö was even less able than Rakosi had been to hold it in check, and finally at the end of October it swept him away. But before leaving the scene, he performed one last disservice to his country; he called in the aid of Russian

troops to suppress the national rising. In a desperate effort to stem the tide of revolt, Imre Nagy was made premier; it was hoped that his association with the “new course” would satisfy the demand for reform. But the intervention of Soviet troops gave the complete removal of those troops from Hungary precedence over all other demands. Nagy, unable to hold back the wave of revolt, tried to ride it by drawing former leaders of anti-Communist parties into his government and pledging support to the rebel demands. Finally, he announced Hungary’s withdrawal from the Warsaw Pact, asked for a United Nations guarantee of Hungarian neutrality and started negotiations for the withdrawal of Soviet troops.

Now the Russians were confronted with the dilemma from which Gomulka had saved them in Poland—to permit the complete withdrawal of a nation from their sphere, or to fight to keep it there. Either course involved great danger to them. If they let Hungary go, they could expect her example not to be lost on the other satellites. But if they kept her by force, against the will of her people, they would end up with a possession of little if any military or economic value to them, at the price of discrediting their whole claim to anti-imperialism and losing the position they had been so assiduously building up. At first it seemed that they had decided to cut their losses and leave; they pulled their troops out of Budapest and agreed to negotiate with Nagy for a complete withdrawal. But at the crucial moment it seemed to them that the Anglo-French invasion of Egypt offered an escape from their dilemma. They felt that now they could do what they pleased without alienating Asia and Africa. But they did not reckon with the intensity and duration of the Hungarian resistance or with the action of the United States in

taking a strong stand in *both* situations, and of the British and French in agreeing to withdraw from Egypt.

THE result is that the events in Hungary have weakened the Soviet position throughout the world. The Asian nations have slowly but ever more surely joined in condemning the Soviet action in Hungary; on December 12th half of them voted for a United Nations resolution of condemnation, and the remainder abstained, largely for tactical reasons rather than out of disagreement with the motion. Soviet relations with Yugoslavia have deteriorated badly. In Poland, the hard-won compromise is threatened by popular reaction to developments in Hungary. Many Communist parties, the American, the Icelandic (which had just recently won its way into that country's cabinet), the Indian, among others, expressed their disapproval, as did speakers from the rostrum of the Italian party's congress.

Today, under the impact first of the Khrushchev speech and then of the Hungarian revolt and repression, the Communist movement of the world is torn by dissension as it has never been before. A struggle is going on in every Communist party, including that of the Soviet Union, on a scale not known since Stalin consolidated his power. "Stalinist" tendencies are seeking to make a comeback, on the ground that

Khrushchev's concessions are responsible for opening the Pandora's box of troubles. To this group belong Molotov and Kaganovich in Russia, as well as the leaders of French Communism and William Z. Foster in the United States. Khrushchev still seems to have the majority of the Politburo with him—at least to the extent of permitting him to retain responsibility for cleaning up the mess—and in every foreign party he continues to have his unquestioning disciples, though in few can they claim firm control. Perhaps the strongest tendency at the moment, outside of Russia, is Titoism: a desire for national autonomy for the various Communist movements, whether within the Soviet sphere or outside it, but on a basis of cooperation with Moscow and retention of the idea of party dictatorship. Besides the Yugoslavs, this tendency has the support of the Poles, most of the Italian leaders and, most important of all, the Chinese. And finally there are those, including among others some American, Italian and Polish Communists, who have come to the conclusion that the whole system of Leninism, and not merely Stalin's version or perversion of it, is at fault, and who seem to be returning full circle to the ideals of democratic socialism. Perhaps the Soviet can for the time being survive almost intact; the international Communist movement does not seem likely to.

books and authors

Koestler and His Generation

By EMANUEL LITVINOFF

ARTHUR KOESTLER has always been a perplexing figure in literature and politics. One of the most consistently pessimistic of writers, his great talent has been that of a diagnostician of social disease and his chief weakness an inability to formulate effective solutions. In England, where he has lived for nearly twenty years, he has been admired, mistrusted and disliked. His sardonic, destructive intelligence, his intellectual overstatements and contempt for social conventions have grated upon English sensibilities even among those who have fundamentally agreed with him. Most of all, perhaps, the English have mistrusted the stridently prophetic accent of his writings. Koestler had chosen to warn, and, as European civilization progressively disintegrated, the warnings became more piercing and shrill. It did not matter that many of his prophecies were fulfilled; fundamentally his role was resented and the prophet became doomed to dishonor. The British Left intellectuals who cluster around the influential *New Statesmen* regarded his anti-Soviet crusade as excessive and uncomfortably close to the views of the cold-war wing of the U.S. State Department; on the other side of the fence, Conservatives regarded him with narrow suspicion as a Communist renegade who had not acquired respectable beliefs and whose un-English emotionalism was embarrassing.

But for all that, Koestler has been respected as one of the major literary personalities of the mid-twentieth century, perhaps the foremost chronicler of the Communist betrayal. In eighteen years of fictional, confessional or autobiographical

writing, he has analyzed the collapse of Western civilization and created an archetype of one of the most characteristic mid-century figures—the Middle European Jewish intellectual who grew to maturity in the late Twenties and early Thirties, who became the principal scapegoat of totalitarianism, and who, because for him there was no retreat, became more deeply and irrevocably committed than the non-Jewish intellectual in the hopeless defence of European civilization. Koestler's own condition has been typical of his whole generation: his singularity has lain in his obsessive preoccupation with it.

THE reader will have not overlooked the fact that my references to Koestler so far have been in the past tense. This may seem strange in relation to a writer still in his early fifties and in the full tide of his power. The reason is that Koestler himself has chosen to relegate his work to the past. In a preface to *The Trail of the Dinosaur*, a book of political essays published in 1955, he stated that his last active participation in a political enterprise was in 1950. "Since then I had a growing feeling that I have said all I have to say on these subjects which had occupied me for the best part of a quarter of a century; now the errors are atoned, the bitter passion has burnt itself out, Cassandra has gone hoarse—let others carry on." It remains, of course, to be seen. One can only note that the polemical habit persists. In the spring of 1956 Koestler mounted an impassioned attack on capital punishment in Britain which showed no diminution of eloquence and social conscience. And since

then Hungary and Suez have sharply signalled a development that must offer an excruciating temptation to even a minor Cassandra.

It is curiously significant that Koestler's announced abdication from the pulpit of prophecy should be accompanied by an eclipse in his reputation, at least in Britain. It is true that the present climate in English letters is hostile to all he represents. English criticism in the middle Fifties has declared war on the political and literary trends of the Thirties. The needle has swung through ninety degrees, and the romantic figure, the volunteer who fought in the International Brigade during the Spanish Civil War, who dominated the Left period literature of Hemingway, Malraux, Ralph Fox, Auden and Spender, is now regarded as a poor dupe who sold himself to Moscow for a cheap thrill. To such critics, Koestler is tainted with the Thirties, but he also offends their other current prejudices, their distrust of the emotional and the serious, their dislike of the Middle European, the disenchanted ex-Communist intellectual, the man who is profoundly engaged in political morality. Koestler now joins the ranks of the intellectually unfashionable.

The publication of a study of Koestler's writings last summer touched off an extraordinary outburst of ill-feeling against him. With only feeble dissent from a few less influential reviewers, critic after critic gleefully hacked away at the reputation Koestler had built up with such books as *Darkness at Noon*, *Spanish Testament*, *Scum of the Earth*, *The Yogi and the Commissar*, and his two notable autobiographies, *Arrow in the Blue* and *The Invisible Writing*. Psychologists might read a peculiar significance into the fact that the most vehement attacks came from those who have generally been associated with the liberal, moderately left attitudes that developed out of the fellow-traveling experiences of the Thirties. Most prominent—and unexpected—of all was the *New Statesman's* V. S. Pritchett, whose criticism was emotional, unmannerly and marred by a disconcertingly illiberal "anti-alien" bias. Among several innuendos,

Pritchett taunted Koestler with being a smart journalist who knew the right time to get out, and referred to him disparagingly as a writer who carried "his own wailing wall" around with him.

ONE does not need to be pathologically sensitive to detect an anti-Jewish accent in these comments, and, correspondingly, the failure of a characteristically Koestlerian solution that since the establishment of a Jewish State, Jews were faced with a clear choice, to become citizens of Israel, or to forego any claim to separate identity and identify themselves completely with the society in which they lived. As is well known, Koestler himself chose to become a "European." In view of the break-up of the traditional pattern of European society that reached its final stages during the last world war, this solution at the time seemed unrealistic. In fact, the way things have turned out, the suspicion has been confirmed.

Koestler is still regarded as an incorrigibly Jewish "type," the rootless emigré from Central Europe who has taken up temporary residence in the cafés, the salons, the theaters, concert halls, publishing houses, etc. of the West, and, after twenty years, retains his *Angst* as tangibly as a neurotic skin-rash that no psycho-analytical treatment can remove.

In such generalizations there is always an element of truth, however distorted. Koestler is a man of self-lacerating honesty, but he has never completely faced up to the degree in which his life and work have been conditioned by the fact that he is a Jew. He has, perhaps, admitted it euphemistically in his introduction to *The Invisible Writing*, which he declared to be "a typical case history of a member of the educated middle classes of Central Europe in our time." Yet, as I pointed out in a review of this book in the *London Spectator*, not many members of the European middle class were in the habit of wandering about Soviet Central Asia, of acting as full-time propaganda scribes of the Comintern, of writing encyclopedias of sex, or of being held in solitary confinement in Spanish prison cells under

sentence of death. Though not entirely a typical case history, Koestler's life suffered from a universal European malady; when to be a Communist was to endure a political pilgrimage from faith to disillusion, when one was compelled to suppress one's humanity and "eat one's words and lick one's vomit," to slightly adapt a memorable phrase in *The God That Failed*, and, above all, when to be a Jew anywhere between the Urals and the English Channel was to live under suspended sentence of death as surely as if one's stomach were consumed by an incurable cancer. No, what has conditioned Koestler's ideas and political behavior throughout his adult life is less his membership in the educated European middle class than his attempt, in common with many other Jewish intellectuals, to find some solution for the vulnerability of the European Jew to the mounting perils of totalitarianism.

His early background was typical of the class of assimilated well-to-do Jews who flourished in pre-Hitler Europe. His grandfather, Leopold, came from Russia and settled in Hungary. He was the only member of the family who still retained a vestigial adherence to Jewish tradition, and Koestler recalls how, as a child, he was bought a ham sandwich at a delicatessen store by Leopold, who explained that: "It would be wrong for me to eat ham, but it is not wrong for you. I was brought up in prejudice." Some idea of the social standing of the Koestler family may be gleaned from the following anecdote relating to Freud. In 1947 Koestler's aged mother came to visit him on his sheep farm in North Wales, and glanced over the books in his library.

"Ach," she said in her cosy Viennese, "so you have the books of that Dr. Freund."

"Freud, Mama, Freud, not Freund!" I wailed.

"Freud or Freund, who cares? I have never bothered to remember his name. . . . He always tried to get on social terms with the family, through your Aunt Lore, but he was never invited. He was *ein ekelhafter Kerl*, a disgusting fellow."

Koestler's mother, incidentally, came from an old Jewish family in Prague, who were said to be descended from the scholar and Cabbalist, Rabbi Loeb, the man credited with the authorship of the Golem legend.

Also typical of the Jews of Central Europe was the fate of Koestler's relatives on his mother's side. His uncle, who married a German woman and became a Lutheran, committed suicide after Hitler came to power; his aunt, her daughter and her grandchildren were gassed at Auschwitz. But all this came much later. Until he attended the technical university in Vienna, Koestler was cushioned by the liberal atmosphere of post-war Viennese society and had not personally experienced anti-Semitism. He had, in fact, "always regarded the so-called 'Jewish Question' as the same kind of boring and remote subject as Municipal Autonomy or the War of the Spanish Succession." The university changed all that. There he encountered the traditional, almost metaphysical, anti-Semitism of Christian Europe and joined a Zionist duelling club whose members sought to remove their sense of inferiority by out-duelling and out-drinking the entire faculty.

It was characteristic that Koestler's Zionism should have supported the extremists who believed in violence well before the moderate Zionist movement reluctantly accepted its necessity. He argued with effective eloquence and consistent logic on its behalf in *Promise and Fulfilment*, *Thieves in the Night*, and, not least courageously, in the British press during the peak of the Irgun Zvai Le'umi's terrorist campaign in 1947 when he wrote a notable "Letter to a Parent of a British Soldier in Palestine" in the *New Statesman* of August 16, 1947. As a Jewish intellectual, the Zionist solution attracted him, but like so many Central European intellectuals it could not satisfy him. He hankered for Europe, more passionately perhaps because it had rejected his kind. And the reason he selected for turning his back on Palestine was the Hebrew language. Without any coherent Jewish upbringing, entirely divorced from Jewish tradition, he saw Hebrew as a petrified language, totally

unfit for twentieth-century usage, which had served to cast off the Palestine Jewish community from Western civilization. "I could renounce European citizen-status, but not European culture. . . . My mind and spirit were longing for Europe, thirsting for Europe, pining for Europe," he wrote in *Arrow in the Blue*.

KOESTLER's embrace of the Marxist solution, his next important development, was, of course, fashionable in the early Thirties, and one suspects that the underlying principle from which his Communism developed was a common one among Jewish intellectuals whose ideas were inextricably entangled with the liberal Christian attitudes that still precariously survived in Europe. He had been a non-party socialist regarding socialists as "the legitimate heirs and trustees of the Judeo-Christian tradition of the Hebrew prophets and the Sermon on the Mount; of the Kantian imperative; of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity." But the German Socialist Party let the Left, and particularly the Jews, down badly. It offered nothing but platitudes to oppose the savage unscrupulousness of the Nazis. For the Jews of Koestler's generation, who could only choose active resistance, Communism must have seemed the only possible solution. Marxism was, to use a Koestlerian phrase, "the language of destiny." He became an under-cover member of the Communist party with the alias Ivan Steinberg. It occurred to him at the time that the Hebrew version of Steinberg was Har-Even, the name of a psychoanalyst friend of his which he had unconsciously, and symbolically adopted. Hebrew, the "petrified language," could also express the language of destiny, he reflected ironically.

Koestler's pilgrimage from belief in the Soviet Union as the Promised Land to disillusion is one of the best-known personal stories of the century. It has been as influential in destroying the Communist myth among Western intellectuals as anything but Stalin himself. The experience served to deepen his pessimism, to confirm his prophetic belief that he and his kind were doomed. During the last phase of his

Communism, when he was already on his way out, the *London News Chronicle* sent him to the Middle East, back to the Palestine he had left eight years earlier. It was October 1937, when the Arabs had resumed their periodic rebellion against the Mandatory Power, a foretaste of 1948; but there was also a foreboding of the 1940's. There he found friends and colleagues from Berlin who had escaped from the Nazis, the assimilated German Jews who felt more keenly the sharp tooth of exile in Jerusalem than ever they had in pre-Hitler Germany. Koestler commented, "It was another chapter in the story of the liquidation of Europe's intellectual elite. These men had survived, but they were rooted in German culture, knew no Hebrew, had never been Zionists, and were thus condemned to a pointless and sterile existence in a country to which they had been driven by force and not by inner choice."

He also noted the change in the convinced Zionists' "doggedly hanging on to their tiny strip of promised land. . . . They knew the gas-chambers were coming. They were past arguing; when provoked, they bared their teeth." But it was with the former, the rootless, that he found a common identity.

"During these eight years [since he had left Palestine] I had believed that the small and irksome Jewish question would eventually be solved, together with the Negro question, the Armenian question and all other questions, in the global context of the Socialist revolution. So I had left the old Promised Land for the new land of promise, and had found it an even more bitter disappointment. Now, on my way out of the Communist Party, I had come back. But . . . it was a return on a different level of the spiral: a turn higher in maturity, but several turns lower in expectation. I no longer believed that this small and bitter country held out a messianic promise . . . for mankind at large. I no longer believed that the artificial revival of the archaic language of the Bible would produce a cultural renaissance, a return of the age of the

Prophets. And I also knew that my roots were in Europe, that I belonged in Europe, and that if Europe went down, survival became pointless, and I would rather go down with her than take refuge in a country which no longer meant anything but a refuge."

THIS is one of the most illuminating statements of his personal attitude that Koestler has ever made. It has the quality of a manifesto and, once we recognize how deeply rooted in its author's emotions it is, Koestler's subsequent decision to jettison his Jewish identity and proclaim himself "European" becomes wholly understandable. That he was wrong, because the decision could not fail to be anything but ineffective, does not affect one's understanding. The fact remains that Koestler has stated with uncomfortable clarity what many Middle European Jewish intellectuals have felt and what has determined their choice. They were men whose Jewishness had become progressively eroded. They had buried their history in Europe, embraced its traditions with the passion of lovers, only to discover that they had come to these traditions too late: the Europe they loved was dying and the Europe which supplanted it had no place for them except in its crematories. But whereas those Jews whose roots were in their native tradition could contemplate transplantation to Israel without pain, if not with pleasure, for these, the rootless, it was only Koestler's "small and bitter country" which sought the revival of an "archaic language," an impossibly alien existence to which even non-survival was perhaps preferable. Some of them had gone far towards self-denial. Brought up to regard the Jewish question, as was Koestler, as "small and irksome," irksome particularly because it reflected upon their own status, they sought to be acquitted of the charge of "Jewishness." One has met them frequently, hollow men who echoed without conviction the ideals and beliefs of others, who could not bear their own faces. They drifted through the cafés of Paris, London, New York, speaking a

language that the Germans had made sinister, longing for the flaxen tresses of the forbidden Rhinemaiden, and flinching from the title "Jewish refugee." After all, the world cannot acquit anybody of being a Jew, however negative his condition.

But it would be churlish and insulting to place men of Koestler's kind into this category, merely because one may feel that they have made the wrong choice. Their lives were subject to pressures that many of us were spared only by the accident of geography. They lived in a world which drove them, resisting and unresisting alike, toward the rubber truncheons, the firing squads, the gas chambers. They are condemned to carry this experience with them to the grave. As Koestler says: "The buffetings of the past . . . have left their scar: an oversensitivity which reacts to slight cases of aggression or mere uncouthness in the casual contacts of the day as a Geiger counter registers radio-activity in the air. If one is afflicted in this manner, the mood of an hour or a morning is decided by the rudeness of a taxi-driver, the temper of the charwoman, the smile of the traffic cop . . ."

Whatever Koestler has been, and he is probably right in thinking his effective political role is over, he has never lacked moral courage. He was generally wrong for the right reasons, and in this sense too he can be regarded as a tragic hero of his age. But his age is over. He is the last of his line.

The Swing of the Pendulum

By MILTON R. KONVITZ

THE BLESSINGS OF LIBERTY, BY ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR. Lippincott. 350 pp. \$5.00.

NO AMERICAN scholar has given more distinguished service to the cause of freedom than has Zechariah Chafee, Jr. Almost forty years ago came his *Freedom of Speech*; then, in 1928, *The Inquiring Mind*; in 1941, *Free Speech in the United States*; in 1947, his two-volume work on

Government and Mass Communications; in 1951, his *Documents on Fundamental Human Rights*, in three volumes; in 1952, *How Human Rights Got Into the Constitution*; and now, in some ways his best book, *The Blessings of Liberty*. No scholar can match this record of singular devotion to a field of study that, on the whole, has been neglected for more lucrative fields of investigation. For even scholarship has its economic aspects. Legal scholars must live, and so they cultivate fields that have some relevance to the bread-and-butter side of a lawyer's life and work. No lawyer can make a living as a specialist in civil liberties litigation—deportable aliens, anarchists, radicals of whatever sort, pacifists and other such persons who have played central roles in civil liberties cases, have no money for retainers. Lawyers will choose, therefore, to specialize in negligence work, corporation law, banking law, income tax law, or even, today, in labor law or aviation law—in anything that will mean a practice with paying clients. Even Chafee, as a professor at Harvard Law School, had to justify his economic existence by devoting himself professionally to courses and scholarship in such subjects as negotiable instruments, equity and equitable remedies. His interests in civil liberties could be pursued only within a margin of free time. Nevertheless no one could have substituted for Zechariah Chafee as his inquiring mind devoted itself to problems of mail censorship, academic freedom, criminal syndicalism, group libel, compulsory confessions, loyalty oaths or the writ of habeas corpus; for when it came to such inquiries, his mind had unique qualities, and the products of his mind comprise a record for which Chafee deserves the enduring gratitude and recognition of the entire nation. One day his name will be mentioned whenever Americans will speak of John Peter Zenger, Clarence Darrow, Justice Brandeis or Justice Holmes.

The Blessings of Liberty is, I have said, in some ways Professor Chafee's best book. It is written with a light hand, though no serious value or thought is thereby sacrificed. It is addressed to the

common reader, but there is no patronizing or talking down. And the most challenging civil liberties problems of our day are met squarely and discussed with learning and wisdom.

Professor Chafee finds that since 1945 there have been some serious encroachments on our ideals of freedom of speech, press and assembly. He mentions and discusses the following: (1) Under the Smith Act of 1940 leading and second-string Communists have been sentenced for *conspiring to teach* the overthrow of the government by force and violence. No one, however, has been prosecuted under a statute of 1861 for *conspiring to overthrow* the government. "Banding together to start a revolution seems more wicked," says Chafee, "than assembling to talk about a revolution." (2) Under the McCarran Act of 1950 certain groups, besides a Communist action group, are required to register with the Subversive Activities Control Board. (3) In 1954 Congress, impatient with the slow procedures under the McCarran Act, passed the Communist Control Act, that professes to outlaw—whatever that means—the Communist party. (4) Under the McCarran-Walter Act of 1952, aliens are deportable for what they say or for the ideas expressed by men in groups that they have joined; and under the law it makes no difference "how long an alien has been in this country or how deeply he has put down his roots." (5) Passports are denied American citizens under the allegation that a passport is not a right but a privilege; though recently the courts have stepped in to give the citizen some relief "if he wants to use the crowded weeks between engaging his passage and boarding the steamer for a lawsuit and pay a lawyer some of the money he had been saving for the Alps and Italy." (6) With dubious statutory authority the Customs Bureau has erected a wall against the import of certain books and periodicals which are neither obscene nor revolutionary. (7) Three congressional committees have been conducting investigations the effects of which have been to restrict freedom of speech. Of course these committees occasionally run across some-

thing of value, "but the voluminous press reports are mainly concerned with their resemblance to circuses and publish very little carefully considered information from them about the extent of the Communist danger." (8) In 1953 the United States Information Agency libraries abroad took hundreds of books "and junked them, not because of anything these books said, but because their authors were alleged to be subversive." (9) The loyalty-and security-risk program subjected millions of government employees and other persons, though employed in non-sensitive positions, to minute scrutiny. "Everybody had to stand before the searchlight and let it play over his whole life, his opinions, his family and friends, the books and magazines he read, and the opinions he held." (10) The Attorney General's list was used by the Federal Government, states, cities and private organizations as a basis for proof of disloyalty of teachers and employees, and as a basis for canceling the contracts of radio performers; it thus becomes "a powerful weapon for injuring any group there named or any individual who belongs to such a group," though most of the organizations on the list "were singled out by government officials as they pleased without giving the organization any notice or any hearing." (11) The legislatures of many states, imitating Congress, passed all sorts of anti-Communist laws and set up their own investigating committees. "Although Senators and Representatives with large powers to cut down our fundamental freedoms are a serious cause for anxiety, the petty imitators who follow in their train are even worse." (12) Loyalty oaths have been required of teachers, labor union officials, students in state colleges and universities and other persons.

THESE are serious counts in an indictment. Constitutional lawyers and students of public affairs will differ as to the weight to be given to each count. But Professor Chafee is not to be included among hysterical extremists. He succeeds in keeping everything in perspective. "My great confidence in the American people," he

wrote, "in their love of liberty and their good sense, makes me believe that their fit of tantrums about disloyalty among our fellow-citizens will end long before 1970. . . . The flag still flies, and the city is not yet fallen." If his hopes are matched by his fears, it is no less true that his fears are matched by his hopes.

As recent developments have shown, long before 1970 confidence in the American people and institutions has been justified. We can, with pride and gratitude, point to significant accomplishments. I shall mention only the most important civil liberties advances that have taken place in the first eleven months of the year 1956.

Security Risks in Nonsensitive Jobs. A decision of far-reaching scope was made by the Supreme Court June 11, 1956, in *Cole v. Young*. The court held that summary suspension and firing of government employees for security reasons must be limited to persons in "sensitive" jobs directly connected with national security.

President Eisenhower's executive order 10450 made in 1953 was designed to cover some 2,300,000 civilians in federal government employ. The court's decision cut down this number by an estimated 80 percent. Following the decision, the Department of Justice advised agencies to restore to duty, with back pay, suspended nonsensitive employees.

On June 20, 1956, the Defense Department announced an important change in its security procedures to meet the charges of "guilt by association" and "guilt by kinship" practices. The order granted the right of a hearing to draftees rejected before induction on account of past associations. The new questionnaire states that the person's age at the time of the questionable association, the circumstances prompting it, and the extent and frequency of the involvement will be considered pertinent and will be fully weighed. The form also states that withholding information on ground of the Fifth Amendment privilege against self-incrimination will not by itself constitute ground to reject the person from military service for reason of security.

On August 14, 1956, the White House announced that in the future the Government will not deny grants or contracts for non-secret scientific research solely because the researcher had been charged with being a security risk. The announcement declared that the recommendations of the National Academy of Sciences, made in April 1956, would be followed.

Loyalty Oath in Housing. On August 3, 1956, the Public Housing Administration, on advice from the Justice Department, dropped the requirement that tenants of federally-aided low-rent housing projects sign loyalty oaths. This changed a rule that was first made in 1952, following charges that "socialized housing" had become "breeding places" for disloyal Americans. In about two dozen court cases the Government had lost in its efforts to enforce the loyalty oath—only one tenant of the more than 1,500,000 persons in low-rent projects had been evicted by court order for not taking the oath.

Limits on Congressional Investigations. Because their investigations were directed at strengthening national security, Congressional committees in past years took the position that their powers were practically unlimited. They recognized the plea of the Fifth Amendment privilege as the only ground for excusing a witness who refused to testify.

In 1956 the courts upheld the refusal of some witnesses to testify, though they did not plead the Fifth Amendment, on the ground that the committees exceeded the scope of their powers under their legislative mandates. The most notable of these decisions was in the case of Corliss Lamont by the U. S. Court of Appeals.

On the other hand, in the case of John T. Watkins, the U. S. Court of Appeals on April 23, 1956, affirmed a conviction for having refused to answer questions before the House Committee on Un-American Activities. The defense was that the purpose of the questions was only to "expose" Watkins as a Communist. The court held that Congress has the power of exposure if the exposure is incidental to the exercise of a legislative function, and determination of the number of Communists

is a pertinent Congressional purpose. This decision seemed to contrast with that made a week before by a Federal District Court judge who ordered the acquittal of Aldo L. Icardi, who had been charged with perjury, because, the court said, the questions to which Icardi allegedly gave false answers were not pertinent to a valid legislative purpose, and Icardi was subjected to an illegal "legislative trial."

William Henry Taylor Case. On January 6, 1956, the International Organization Employees Loyalty Board cleared Mr. Taylor who had been charged by Elizabeth Bentley with membership in a Communist spy ring with which the late Harry Dexter White was charged to have been connected. The decision reversed a finding of the same board made in July 1955, and brought to an end charges that had been pending for some eight years. Mr. Taylor is assistant director of the International Monetary Fund, Middle East Department.

James Kutcher Case. Another eight-year fight for vindication came to an end April 20, 1956, when the U. S. Court of Appeals held that the legless veteran, James Kutcher, had been improperly discharged by the Veterans Administration, in August 1948, from his position as a file clerk. Mr. Kutcher had been dismissed following a decision that there was reasonable doubt of his loyalty because of his membership in a Trotskyist organization. No acts of disloyalty had been shown. Membership alone, the court held, does not constitute valid reason for removal from a job. There were also procedural defects in the dismissal of Mr. Kutcher, the court held.

Nelson Case. Steve Nelson, a Pennsylvania Communist leader, and four of his associates, had been convicted for conspiracy under the Smith Act. Part of the case against them was based on testimony by Joseph D. Mazzei, an F.B.I. informer. In appearances before other tribunals, the Justice Department contended that Mazzei had tampered with the truth. Doubt was thus cast on his reliability in the Nelson case. On October 10, 1956, the Supreme Court ordered a new trial for the five defendants.

On April 2, 1956, the Supreme Court also held that Nelson could not be tried for sedition under a Pennsylvania act of 1919. It held that Congress had preempted the field for federal legislation by enactment of the Smith Act of 1940, the Internal Security Act of 1950, and the Communist Control Act of 1954.

Secret Informers. Several cases involving the use of "secret informers" attracted considerable attention.

In the Parker case a number of seamen whose cards had been lifted by the Coast Guard went to court and asked for an injunction against the security program. The names of the informants had not been disclosed to the seamen. The U.S. Court of Appeals in October 1955 held that confrontation of accusing witnesses was essential, for without it the seamen might not really know the charges against them sufficiently to make an effective defense. It is better that government agencies "suffer from handicap than that the citizens of a freedom-loving country shall be denied that which has always been considered their birthright." On March 24, 1956, the Government disclosed that it would not appeal the decision to the Supreme Court.

In the case of Cecil R. Jay the Supreme Court, on June 11, 1956, held that the government may deport an alien on the basis of confidential information and without permitting confrontation. Four justices dissented. But in November of 1956 the Immigration and Naturalization Service announced that it will in the future severely limit the use of confidential data as a basis for deportation orders. Aliens will be permitted to examine information against them except only when "the most compelling reasons involving the national safety or security are present"; and it will be up to the Commissioner of the Service, and not a subordinate, to certify that secrecy is really necessary in any given case.

Pension Rights for Communists. The Social Security Administration, on June 22, 1956, held that employees of the Communist Party could not be barred from payments under the Social Security Act on the ground that they were in fact em-

ployees of the U.S.S.R. This ruling restored the eligibility of William Z. Foster and six other Communists to old-age benefits.

Discharge for Claim of Privilege Against Self-incrimination. In 1952 a U. S. Senate committee questioned Harry Slochower, an associate professor at a New York City college. The witness stated that while he would freely testify as to whether he had been a member of the Communist Party after 1941, he would not testify as to whether he had been a member in 1940 or 1941, on the ground that his answer might incriminate him. As a consequence he was dismissed from his teaching position on the ground that pleading the Fifth Amendment privilege led automatically to a forfeiture of his employment under the provisions of the New York City Charter. The Supreme Court, in 1956, held that the city's discharge of Slochower failed to afford him due process of law. Constitutional protection applies to a public employee, said the court, so that his discharge may not be arbitrary or discriminatory; government employment is not a "privilege" which may be withdrawn without constitutional safeguards. Automatic dismissal for pleading a constitutional privilege, after the employee has acquired tenure, fails to satisfy due process requirements.

Passports. In 1956 court decisions strengthened the right of citizens to passports. In 1954 Leonard B. Boudin, a New York lawyer, had been denied a passport on the ground that he had been and continued to be a supporter of the Communist movement. Mr. Boudin denied that he was a Communist or that his trip abroad was for the purpose of advancing the Communist movement. On June 28, 1956, the U.S. Court of Appeals held that the State Department had not shown "factual findings" sufficient to support its denial of the passport. Furthermore, Mr. Boudin, the court held, was entitled to know if the findings against him were based on open evidence or on secret information not disclosed to the citizen. On August 29, 1956, the State Department issued the passport.

In the case of Weldon Bruce Dayton, a

physicist, the U.S. Court of Appeals, on September 13, 1956, held that the State Department must state just what part secret information played in a denial of a passport. The court reaffirmed the position it had taken in the Boudin case.

An American consular official in Costa Rica took away the passport of Arthur J. Kraus, a former instructor in a New York City college, and was willing to give it back only on condition that Kraus return directly to the United States. The official said that Kraus's presence abroad was undesirable. Kraus returned. He applied for a passport to go abroad again but the State Department declined to issue the document unless Kraus could demonstrate financial ability to travel and to return. The Department also expressed displeasure over Kraus's past travels, which, said the Department, had caused vexatious inquiries at offices of the U.S. Foreign Service abroad. The U.S. Court of Appeals, on July 5, 1956, held that the request of the State Department that Kraus establish financial ability seemed irregular and extraordinary and exposed the Department's action to the charge of being arbitrary, capricious and discriminatory. Furthermore, the imposition of a means test for travel abroad would raise serious constitutional questions.

This is, I think an impressive, gratifying record for eleven months of a single calendar year; and Professor Chafee would be the first to agree. Starting with the Senate's censure of Senator McCarthy, considerable progress has been made in the restoration of sanity and perspective among the American people. In a speech delivered in 1913, Justice Holmes observed: "When twenty years ago a vague terror went over the earth and the word 'socialism' began to be heard, I thought and still think that fear was translated into doctrines that had no proper place in the Constitution or the common law." Every now and then such a phenomenon recurs. It is bound to happen in a world in which nations and races are insecure of themselves and of their values. But the American people have demonstrated a capacity to swing back from hysteria to law.

From Dream to Reality

By RAPHAEL PATAI

KIBBUTZ: VENTURE IN UTOPIA, By MELFORD E. SPIRO. Harvard University Press. 1956. 266 pp. \$4.50.

SEVERAL years ago, Dr. Melford E. Spiro, Associate Professor of Anthropology at the University of Connecticut, conducted field work among the cooperative people of Ifaluk, an atoll in the central Carolines in Micronesia. In the course of his work he became eager to explore in a modern society the nascent and barely formulated notions concerning cooperation and aggression that he derived from his research into this "primitive" society. The kibbutz suggested itself almost immediately as the locus for a study which would offer a unique opportunity to investigate the ontogenic development of aggressive and cooperative behavior within a novel context of socialization—that of collective education.

Subsequently in 1951, Dr. Spiro spent eleven months in a kibbutz in Israel to which he gave the fictitious name of Kiryat Yedidim in order to preserve the anonymity, not only of the communal village itself, but also of its individual members whose ideas, attitudes and intimate thoughts are analyzed by him. The federation to which Kiryat Yedidim belongs also remains anonymous, but one does not have to be an initiate to recognize that it is the federation of the Hashomer Hatzair kibbutzim. The main interest of the author during his field work in the kibbutz was focussed on the process of socialization and personality development of the kibbutz children, the oldest of whom at the time was 28 years old. Since these processes were initiated by the parent generation, and the kibbutz culture created by the parents was the primary determinant of the development of the kibbutz children, a sketching of the social and cultural history of the parents, including the motives which prompted them to create the new kibbutz culture, was felt to be necessary for the true understanding of the culture of the native born generation. The

present volume contains the description and analysis of this cultural and psychological base-line represented by the parents and what they stand for. A subsequent volume will deal with the cultural and psychological changes of the second generation that can be measured against this base-line.

The method employed by the author was that of participant observation. For the eleven months spent in the kibbutz the author and his wife became *de facto* members of the kibbutz. Both had daily work assigned to them—unskilled labor in the vegetable garden, the orchards, the vineyards, the kitchen, or the infants' house—and the close contact with other members of the kibbutz during work, during mealtimes in the communal dining room, in formal and informal meetings and visits, was the primary basis for gaining rapport, gathering information and making observations. No formal interviews were conducted by the Spiros, hence the inferences the author drew with regard to the values and attitudes of the kibbutz members are based on observed behavior or statements made in the course of informal and uninhibited conversations.

The result is a valuable study of the kibbutz, especially of several of those less overt aspects of its life which eluded earlier authors who wrote about the subject.

The chapters describing the history of Kiryat Yedidim, its physical and social organization and its functioning as a communal society are fine and contain the fullest analysis of what can be termed the working order of the communal society. Especially significant, however, in the opinion of this reviewer, is the part of the book which analyzes the dynamics of social control in the kibbutz (pp. 90 ff.). Here the author penetrates largely unknown fields, unknown, that is, from the point of view of modern social psychology. The basically informal control exercised by kibbutz society over the individual, the important function of informal discussion among members, the behavior expected of those called upon to fill positions of authority in view of the few rewards and

many responsibilities such positions entail, the all-important role of *hakkara* (literally "consciousness" but aptly described by the author as a "superego phenomenon") and of public opinion as informal techniques of social control—all are briefly but competently analyzed in the book and brought into proper perspective within the total context of kibbutz life. These observations as well as those concerning interpersonal aggression manifested in gossip, petty criticism, quarreling, complaining and political behavior; and interpersonal competition expressed in bragging about children, in economic behavior and in vying for prestige, testify most eloquently to the value of the anthropological technique of participant observation: no study relying on questionnaires and on the formal interviewing situation could have yielded a comparably complete and true picture of these latter aspects of kibbutz life which are consciously negated by the officially accepted kibbutz ideology.

THE same can be stated with reference to the scrutiny to which Spiro subjected the form and function of marriage and family in the kibbutz, and in particular the difficult and often painful subjects of the position of women and the relationship between parents and children. Direct and intensive observation has shown that in actuality these aspects of kibbutz life are more than occasionally at variance with the theories and ideological positions subscribed to by the kibbutz as a whole. The kibbutz set out to achieve complete equalization of the status of women with that of men and feels that in principle it has succeeded. But in fact many more women than men work in the low prestige "service" branches of the economy, with a correspondingly higher proportion of men in the high prestige "productive" occupations. Thus even objectively the equalization of the status of the two sexes has not been completely achieved, and as far as the sentiments of the women are concerned, many of them feel that they would prefer not to have been "emancipated," that they are unhappy in the role assigned to them, that kibbutz life is too strenuous

for them physically, and that their economic roles give them no satisfaction. Some of those women who enjoy their work, nevertheless feel insecure in it and are impelled by a constant need to "prove" that they are as capable and as efficient as men. Thus the techniques of participant observation revealed to the author that even those women who achieved economic "emancipation," were still not "emancipated" psychologically.

Frustrations are faced by women in the specifically feminine realms of their lives. Many mothers suffer because of separation from their children, and middle-aged women (women age more rapidly as a result of the climate and hard labor than is the case in middle-class urban America) suffer anxiety concerning their sexual role. The marriage bond in the kibbutz "is based only on love so that a union does not have to be continued because of the many extraneous factors that conspire to perpetuate marriage in our society after love has passed" (pp. 233-4); therefore the loss of sexual attractiveness is more threatening in the kibbutz than in any Western society, and in their attempt to retain their waning looks older kibbutz women have turned with renewed interest to prettier clothes and cosmetics.

As to the parent-child relationship, beyond the overt manifestations of the child-centered character of the kibbutz in which the children enjoy a much higher standard of living than the adults and in which the one or two hours the parents spend daily after work with their children are sacred, the observation is made by Spiro that when the children reach high school age parents frequently complain that they seldom see their children and when they do they seem to have little in common (p. 126).

Ceremonial life, and especially the transformation of the traditional religious holidays into *mesibot*, social gatherings or parties, constitute the subject of interesting observations. This is followed by a section discussing the difficulties facing the members of the kibbutz in their straining to achieve what the labor movement of which the kibbutz forms a part calls the

"synthetic personality," that is the combination in a harmonious whole of an attachment to the soil and joy in work on the one hand, and an appreciation of, if not creativity in, art, science and literature on the other. Consequently, the kibbutz endeavors to create a cultural atmosphere, but at the same time many members exhibit the characteristics of any rural community: provincialism, naivety, conservatism, the latter manifested especially by women.

EXTREMELY stimulating, although somewhat controversial, is the analysis of "The Kibbutz as a Political Community." The thesis of this chapter is that the older generation in Kiryat Yedidim evinces the same attitude towards the Soviet Union, Marx and Marxism that characterized their fathers' faith in God, the Bible and the Talmud. In the belief system of this type of kibbutzim Soviet Russia can do no wrong, all appearances to the contrary notwithstanding. Whatever the Soviets perpetrate against the Jews and Israel is explained away and is in fact always interpreted so that the Jews and Israel emerge as the wrongdoers while the Soviet Union remains the unimpeachable champion of socialist justice. This attitude is so painful to this reviewer that he for one wishes he could believe that Dr. Spiro overemphasized and overgeneralized his impressions. Nevertheless, the importance of the entire issue is such that it warrants quotations of some of the pertinent statements:

"The chaverim in Kiryat Yedidim and their fathers in the *shtetl* are not far apart, despite the theism of the latter, and the atheism of the former. Despite their rebellion against religion and their insistence on the 'scientific' nature of their social analysis, the fact remains that the chaverim seem merely to have substituted Marxism for Judaism. The content of the belief is different, the psychodynamics of the belief are the same—a need for a faith which will justify current suffering and promise ultimate salvation. The truth of this faith is confirmed by the sacred texts,

which can never be wrong. The Talmudic *pilpulist* (casuist) in the *shtetl* and the Marxist exegete in the kibbutz are the same, psychologically speaking" (p. 184).

"The author heard chaverim discussing Stalin—his personality, his achievements, his brilliance, the miracles he had wrought in Russia—in the same glowing terms and with the same awe that a *chassid* would speak of his *rebbe*. For many chaverim, Stalin was more than a charismatic leader—he was a semi-divine father, all-good and all-wise, whose every decision was to be accepted as true and good" (p. 187).

"The irrationality of their faith in the benevolence of the Soviet Union is equally apparent when it is remembered that the Soviet Union has always been hostile to Zionism. It has banned Hebrew culture, imprisoned Zionist leaders, and refused permission to Jews to migrate to Israel or to have any contact with world Jewry. But, say the chaverim, this *apparent* anti-Zionist behavior is not *really* anti-Zionist; it only appears that way to those who do not understand its true motivations. The Soviet Union has seemed to be anti-Zionist because Zionist activities in the past had taken place within the context of Turkish and British imperialism, and have often been dominated by American Jewish capitalists" (p. 189).

WHATEVER the actual extent of this mental and emotional self-subordination to the Soviet Union, the Marxist belief-system represents merely one aspect of kibbutz life, and one, at that, whose significance lies in the realm of theory and abstraction. In practice, the author finds, Kiryat Yedidim "is characterized by a high degree of equality, freedom, self-labor, communal ownership" (p. 244). In the year he spent in the kibbutz he "never heard a member complain that he was unhappy because the group owned his house, his tools, or his land. Nor did anyone express resentment over the fact that his contribution to the economic welfare

of the kibbutz was greater than his returns" (p. 247). In other words, as far as the collective or cooperative forms of economic life are concerned the kibbutz can definitely be pronounced a success. It is in the social relationship between the individual and his society that the kibbutz form of life falls short: frequent complaints voiced over the noise and crowdedness, the absence of privacy, the constant exposure to the public eye indicate that here is an important facet of daily living which has not been satisfactorily regulated or institutionalized by the kibbutz and which is a source of much resentment, frustration and tension.

Many more problems and aspects of kibbutz life are discussed in Dr. Spiro's excellent book with the understanding for a different culture and society true anthropologists derive from their discipline, and beyond it with a sensitivity testifying to the bonds of sympathy which developed between him and the subjects of his study. We are looking forward with anticipation to Dr. Spiro's forthcoming analysis of the young *sabra* generation of Kiryat Yedidim.

The Wisdom of Blindness

By BEN HALPERN

THE PICNIC AT SAKKARA, By P. H. NEWBY. Alfred A. Knopf. 240 pp. \$3.00.

THERE are two degrees of comedy. At its simplest (as in the works of P. G. Wodehouse) a comic novel is nothing more than an effect of technique. To be funny at this level, no more is needed than to follow the simple rule of making a situation, a character, an incident, or a remark appear for a moment like something that convention takes seriously, only to be revealed at once in all its startling insignificance. The puppet, the dancing bear — anything mechanical or sub-human that appears momentarily human only to show itself at once in its true value — represents the comic reduced to its elements. At this level, comedy is essentially an effect of surprise. To be confronted steadily or repeatedly with the same in-

flation and deflation of values, the same contrast of pretense and reality is dull. There is nothing more boring than a novel by Wodehouse.

Comedy at a higher degree depends on its ability to remain interesting when presented to us steadily and repeatedly. The fact that a bear can dance and a puppet appear to talk is only momentarily funny. We do not take dancing so seriously as a peculiarly human achievement that we really grow wiser by learning that bears can dance, too. And as for speech, which does seem to us essentially human, the talking puppet is only momentarily funny, because he cannot really speak but only appears to. If he is to be funny for more than the moment, then what he says must be comic, not merely his saying anything at all. To be "seriously" comic, to merit being called "high comedy," the deflation of conventional values must appear to be both essentially and significantly true. High comedy makes us wise for it makes us see that something generally regarded as important or praiseworthy about human beings is really insignificant or really to be condemned. In low comedy the sub-human is inflated to human proportions by a momentary deception, so that it must take us by surprise in order to be funny. In high comedy, the "human" is deflated to "sub-human" proportions by a perception which makes us enduringly wiser.

P. H. Newby's *Picnic at Sakkara* makes unmistakable pretensions to the degree of high comedy. It offers not only to amuse us but to make us wiser. It is full of types and situations which, on the face of them, only make the barest pretense of being humanly true. But the author makes it quite plain that he feels entitled to the wildest and most fantastic extravagances, if he chooses to employ them, because his parable is deeply and humanly true; true, moreover, both of man in the face of eternity and of man's contemporary situation. The particular interest the book has for us, indeed, is that it shows us how a contemporary Briton tries to face the collapse of the Empire in the light of sober truth and eternal verities.

THERE are the characters and situations of the comedy. There is, first a well-meaning Briton who teaches English at Fuad University in Cairo and who endeavors to improve the deplorable conditions in which his students live. In his blundering efforts to come closer to his students, who are in the throes of anti-British and anti-Farouk political excitement, he first exposes himself to mob violence and then, unintentionally, becomes the hero and spark-plug of a student demonstration. His opposite number is an Egyptian student, active in the Moslem Brotherhood, who oscillates between one frustration and another in his contradictory desires to attach himself to his British teacher as a human being, and to assassinate him as symbol of imperialism.

The professor is flanked on his other side by a second erotic partner in comic frustration, his wife. She comes all the way from England to meet her husband in Cairo after the war with the cock-and-bull story of a lover back home for whose sake she wishes to abandon him. Actually, however, the husband is the only man ever to have broken down her maidenly reserve — as he soon convinces himself — and he swiftly conquers her and seals the reunion by getting her with child. However, the superficial as well as deep sensual harmony between the two is carefully preserved by the husband through his resolute pretense to regard himself as a cuckold and his wife as a sexual adventuress.

Another couple complete the triangular underpinning of the fable both in its political and its sexual side. This pair is a wealthy Egyptian Pasha, who hires the professor as an English tutor but will do nothing but gossip with him in French, and his wife, a princess of the Egyptian blood royal. On the political side, the Pasha and his Princess (who, though a leading feminist is, of course, a staunch royalist) stand with the king against the nationalist government and mob. Yet it is they who stimulate the professor to undertake the housing inquiry that makes him

the hero of the student mob. On the sexual side, the Pasha and his wife form a devoted erotic pair no less extraordinary in their principle of cohesion than the professor and his wife. The wife is an ancient rakehell of seventy whose enthusiastic feminism is based on her constant desire to show contempt for men. Having run through two previous husbands and diverse lovers, she keeps her present husband (twenty-five years her junior) in romantic subjection by accusing him falsely of wishing to seduce prettier and younger women.

Here are certainly the ingredients for any number of low comedy routines. The author does not hesitate to tauten the comic line still further by adding touches to the characters and situations even more improbable than their basic conceptions. For example, the professor is always losing or breaking his steel-rimmed glasses and being forced to feel his way out of emergencies by touch. But here we come to a comic element which the author quite openly asks us to read not as low comedy but as high comedy, not as a comic mechanism but as a symbol. For in the contrast between sight and touch lies the essential wisdom the author wishes to impart.

WHATEVER is perceived by sight symbolizes for the author illusion. It is the false dignity upon which humans pride themselves and which is essential to civilization. Moreover, these illusory dignities are always sadistic in character. Thus a "satisfactory" conventional relationship between human beings must always be based on falsehood and sadism. In no other way can human pride be maintained.

Because the hero finally recognizes this in the case of his wife, their erotic union is sustained. At one point, to be sure, the hero resolves that "for a change he would act like a man of principle. He would charge her with having no lover at all and, once he had forced this confession from her, demand to know what she meant by it." But later, when the wife wishes to confess, the hero has learned

wisdom: "He could see that remorse was driving her to the most painful confession of all; that her Scots lover had never existed. And he knew it was his duty as a man of honour to spare her such humiliation." So he saves his wife's dignity and consolidates their love by taking the masochistic position and accepting the pretense of cuckoldry.

The reason for the continual frustrations between the professor and his Egyptian student is that the professor harps on the common sense facts, instead of agreeing to essential illusions. The Egyptian fanatic insists on hating and being hated. Only the professor's wife is prepared to accommodate him.

"I tell you I *hate* this man' . . . 'What did you say, Mrs. Perry, please?' Mary hesitated. The odd behaviour frightened her in spite of her anger. 'I said I hate you!' 'Then may God bless you!' 'Muawiya touched his forehead with his right hand. 'You show me my path. But you are only a little light. With God's help ask Professor Perry to say the same.' 'You irritate me,' said Perry. 'I will say that . . . But I'm not going to let you dramatize the situation . . . No, of course I don't hate you. Neither does my wife for that matter. She's a bit cross with you and I think she's every justification. But don't make any more of it than that. We just feel very sorry for you, indeed.'"

But in the end the professor and his student are only reconciled when the professor reluctantly and tacitly consents to his student's pretending that the British couple are leaving Cairo because he, the Egyptian nationalist, has driven them away.

What the novel puts forward as its chief claim to the title of high comedy is symbolized by one characteristic of the hero: by taking off his glasses, or by losing them, he is able to divest himself of the falsehood and illusions of sight. Moreover, when he loses his glasses he forces other people to break through the patterns of sado-masochism in dealing with him. Faced with a student mob bent on lynching an Englishman, he takes off his

glasses. Immediately, instead of an object of hatred, he becomes, not an object of love — but *funny*.

The Egyptians, we are told by the author, have a strong sense of humor and they forget to kill you if you make them laugh. Obviously, this is not presented as a specific national trait, but has a deeper application to all men. By blinding oneself to conventional illusions, moreover, one not only disarms the enemy (at the cost of becoming absurd) but one is forced to contact him by touch. The intimacy of communication by touch may be regarded as sub-human, because it short-circuits the sado-masochistic relationship, yet (the author suggests) it brings men together in a world of sensual

reality, rather than setting them at odds in a world of perceptual illusions. To be sure, such social intimacy, such contact with reality can never be more than fleeting, for only by adopting a sado-masochistic pattern can it establish itself as a permanent union between sexes or lasting friendship between peoples.

This is the bit of wisdom which is offered us in P. H. Newby's *Picnic at Sakkara*. It is obviously the fruit of reflections which might come to any Englishman today, in the face of the dissolving Empire and the vengeful glee and ingratitude of once subject peoples. But to an outsider, it seems a very small bit of wisdom indeed to have make do with either in politics or in literature.

Recent Books

A JEWISH PILGRIMAGE, The Autobiography of ISRAEL COHEN. London. Vallentine, Mitchell. 396 pp. 21 /-.

The autobiography of the veteran Zionist author and journalist, whose seventy-eight years have coincided with, and been completely bound up in, all the crucial events and important people of twentieth-century Jewish history.

THE VALUES OF VEBLER, by BERNARD ROSENBERG. Washington, D.C. Public Affairs Press. 117 pp. \$2.50.

A critical appraisal of the work and influence of Thorstein Veblen, by a young sociologist who has contributed to these pages. With a foreword by Max Lerner.

WHERE JUDAISM DIFFERED, by ABBA HILLEL SILVER. New York. Macmillan. 289 pp. \$4.50.

Subtitled "An Inquiry into the Distinctiveness of Judaism," this book describes the leading concepts and norms in Judaism and discusses their divergence from Christianity

TEHILLA AND OTHER ISRAELI TALES. New York. Abelard-Schuman. 268 pp. \$3.50.

A collection of translations of stories from the Hebrew, including work by Agnon, Shenhar, Hazaz and several others.

A GALLERY OF ZIONIST PROFILES, by LOUIS LIPSKY. New York. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. 226 pp. \$3.75.

A series of brief and evocative profiles of the leaders of the Zionist movement with whom the author associated in his many decades of Zionist activity.

ISRAEL ARGOSY No. 4, Edited by ISAAC HALEVY-LEVIN. New York. Thomas Yoseloff. 202 pp. \$3.75.

A collection of material translated from the Hebrew, including some classic stories, poetry and two articles on the history and archeology of ancient Jerusalem

THE BIG THAW, by C. L. SULZBERGER. New York. Harper and Brothers. 264 pp. \$4.00.

Material, from the pen of the noted foreign correspondent, much of it reprinted from his columns in the *New York Times*, on the new situation of Russia and the satellites.

MY JEWISH ROOTS, by SOLOMON SIMON. Philadelphia. Jewish Publication Society. Translated from the Yiddish.

A moving memoir of *shtetl* life in White Russia.

VIOLENT TRUCE, by COMMANDER E. H. HUTCHINSON, USNR. New York. Devin Adair. 150 pp. \$3.50.

A clumsily biased account, by the former chairman of the Israel-Jordan Mixed Armistice Commission, on the Arab-Israel conflict during the years of his service, 1951-1955.

from the four corners

It Was This Way . . . See?

By HENRY POPKIN

One incident in Exodus has always seemed to me the most dramatic and the most telling for the characterization of Moses. The story goes:

When Moses had grown up, he went out to his people and looked on their burdens; and he saw an Egyptian beating a Hebrew. He looked this way and that, and seeing no one, he killed the Egyptian and hid him in the sand. When he went out the next day, behold, two Hebrews were struggling together; and he said to the man who did the wrong, "Why do you strike your fellow?" He answered, "Who made you a prince and a judge over us? Do you mean to kill me as you killed the Egyptian?" Then Moses was afraid, and thought, "Surely the thing is known." When Pharaoh heard of it, he sought to kill Moses. But Moses fled from Pharaoh, and stayed in the land of Midian. . . .

We can take comfort in this tale, in which Moses commits a crime, not as an agent of divine justice, but as an ordinary, scared mortal who "looked this way and that." He is made more human still by his discovery that he is becoming entangled in dissension among his own people. The Hebrews fight among themselves, they accuse him; what is worse—they accuse him justly. A frail vessel, Moses is afraid, and he takes flight.

Interesting as this incident is, it is not good enough for the most expensive movie ever made, Cecil B. DeMille's *The Ten Commandments*. It might do for black-and-white and the small screen, but obviously the author of Exodus did not anticipate the demands of Technicolor and VistaVision.

The incident becomes more than a squalid quarrel between master and

slave. The Egyptian master builder (Vincent Price) has a sweet young Hebrew maiden (Debra Paget) brought to his house. If railroads had been invented, he would have tied her to the track. But since they had not, he has her dressed in a golden gown instead (gold, you know, is the color of evil) and begins the polysyllabic routine common to vile seducers in biblical movies. The girl bravely declares: "No wine can change my love." Price has not even an opportunity to call her the moon of his delight when the dashing young Joshua (John Derek) comes swinging into the courtyard and floors the seducer with a hard right cross. As Derek backs out of the gate with his girl, he backs right into Price's guards—very much in the style of movies decades ago. He is hung up to be whipped. The Egyptian sends his servants away—I felt like calling out, "Look out, Vincent!"—and launches one of those sadistic whippings such as are always befalling Burt Lancaster. This, believe it or not, is the biblical incident of the Egyptian striking the Hebrew.

At once Moses (Charlton Heston) arrives on the scene, and, his muscles rippling, comes to the rescue; needless to say, he does not look "this way and that." He goes right to work and strangles Price. Joshua voices his conviction that Moses is the prophesied deliverer. A scoundrelly spy (played by Edward G. Robinson with several shrugs and a sneer) overhears, regards Joshua's statement as conclusive evidence and so reports it to Pharaoh's son. Furthermore, DeMille's Moses does not flee into Midian out of fear; like Davy Crockett, he "don't know fear." He is publicly exposed, and Pharaoh's son marches him out with short rations, to die in the desert.

HERE we have the most impeccable Moses of all time—lover, warrior, statesman, orator, strangler. He is the world champion in every department. The film has no reflection of the biblical view that Moses was deficient as a speaker and that Aaron spoke for him

on public occasions. One incidental result is to make Aaron (John Caradine, an actor of power completely unused here) superfluous. As Moses is built up, his brother is cut down to nothing. When Moses calls on Pharaoh and turns the rod into a serpent, Aaron comes along, not as a joint spokesman, but as a caddie, to help carry the rod. This neglect of Aaron also makes of little account his complicity in making the golden calf. In the Bible, Aaron, if at first reluctant, finally enters into his task with a will; he is an important person, and his guilt is important. In the film, he is only Moses's *nebbisch* brother, and he does not fall very far. He helps with the calf because those other guys are bigger than he is; he is able to plead later that he was intimidated. Aaron is, like his brother, whitewashed, but he is so thoroughly whitewashed that he hardly exists. Moses's surroundings are prettified, too. His mother's name is changed from Yochabed to Yochabel and his wife's name is Aryanized from Zipporah to Sephora.

As a lover, certainly, Moses outdistances the opposition. The throne princess prefers him to Pharaoh's son. Of course, the devotion of an Egyptian princess bulks larger in the plot than Moses's marriage to a mere Midianite. It in no way reflects upon Moses that the princess is not a nice girl at all—she throws an old servant off a balcony. But devious as she is, she loves the up-right Moses.

Moses is also a champion warrior and statesman among the Egyptians, whose acclaim must count for more among us worldly folk than the loyalty of the grubby slaves who follow Moses into the desert. DeMille insists throughout upon Moses's success as an Egyptian. Just as DeMille's Christians must always convert a Roman if they are to count for anything, so Moses must win support among the Egyptians to make the grade in the world of Technicolor and VistaVision. Accordingly, his first entrance is nearly indistinguishable from Robert

Taylor's first appearance in *Quo Vadis*, as he unwittingly marches from his Roman triumph to subsequent conversion to Christianity. Similarly, Moses arrives from a military victory over the Ethiopians, as the Egyptian crowd chants, "Moses, Moses." Or is it a military victory? After we are assured that it is, we learn that Moses's success has been, in part at least, diplomatic. The Ethiopians (represented as Negroes—one of several opportunities to express a possibly inauthentic tolerance) are not captives, and they are very fond of Moses. The tradition of Moses's conquest of the Ethiopians goes back to Josephus, but Josephus, writing before VistaVision, did not know he could have it both ways. Josephus describes a military campaign, aided in its last stages by Moses's marriage to an Ethiopian princess. She betrays a city to him—an act unlikely to endear either of them to her people. But DeMille has it both ways.

All these successes—as well as his success in compelling the Hebrew slaves to build Pharaoh's treasure city—combine to make Moses an Egyptian hero. His general popularity is equalled by the esteem of the old Pharaoh, who would rather be followed on the throne by Moses than by his own son. Yet the Egyptians are portrayed unsympathetically; they include a formidable array of stock movie villains—Yul Brynner (as Pharaoh's son, later Rameses II), Anne Baxter (as the affectionate princess who flings the old servant off the balcony), Judith Anderson (as the servant who is flung), Vincent Price and Ian Keith. No Egyptian objects to the oppression of the Hebrews; the cruel taskmasters obviously enjoy their work. The main Egyptian virtue is personal friendliness toward Moses, as demonstrated by the crowd in the streets, by the old Pharaoh, by an Egyptian general and by Moses's stepmother; the last is a special case, since she joins the exodus and is converted. But is the prospective Pharaoh the ideal leader of the exodus? DeMille sees no contradiction; his criterion is

preëminence, and he cares very little what contradictory kinds of preëminence he attributes to Moses.

A PART from its strange portrait of Moses, *The Ten Commandments* is distinguished chiefly for the fidelity with which it traces the familiar pattern of the biblical film. As usual, sex turns most of the oars. Anne Baxter slithers through the role of the Egyptian princess who unwillingly reveals Moses's true identity and inspires Rameses to send Moses into the desert. Later, out of spite, she urges Rameses to refuse the Hebrews' pleas for freedom and persuades him to pursue them to the Red Sea. If she were a good girl, the film would last no more than an hour. She stands, squirming and tightly costumed, for Vice, while a loosely garbed and immobile Yvonne DeCarlo is cast, improbably enough, as Virtue. Half the plot is Moses's woman-trouble; the other half consists of Joshua's efforts to keep Price and Robinson from stealing his girl and violating the Seventh Commandment. It is hard to take this activity seriously, but Joshua is getting excellent training for his later career as a desert fighter.

The Ten Commandments goes in heavily for pointless pageantry. We get a military triumph and heaps of Ethiopian tribute, an irrelevant ambassador from King Priam of Troy, the building of the treasure city, some immodestly dressed dancing girls performing before Pharaoh, and six of Jethro's daughters dancing in heavy clothing. But there is a more curious pageantry in the frequent scenes at court. The Pharaoh and his courtiers, more like objects on display than human beings, are always facing front, right into the camera. They seldom turn to speak to one another. Even when Price receives Robinson, Robinson stands in front of him and faces the camera. The effect is never more strange than in the first scene, when Rameses I and his courtiers, all facing front, decide to slay the newly born Hebrew children. (At this point,

DeMille gets his Testaments mixed; he introduces Herod's motive for the slaughter of the innocents.)

Some of the pageantry is verbal. The words are calculated to overwhelm us, not to convey meaning or to further the drama. They are cramped by a stiffness that aspires to be stateliness. Everyone speaks in balanced phrases. When Sephora sees a stranger, Moses observes, "Your eyes are as sharp as they are beautiful." The master builder asks, "Will you lose your throne because Moses builds a city?" Rameses replies: "The city that he has built will bear my name. The woman that he loves will bear my child." Let us give Edward G. Robinson full credit for looking apologetic when he must say: "Give me all I ask, or give me leave to go." The height of rich, overripe prose is reached when Miss Baxter remarks: "He spurned me like a strumpet in the street, I, Nefretiri, queen of Egypt."

ONLY a much longer comment could pay full tribute to the shallowness and vulgarity of *The Ten Commandments*. Of the Ten Commandments only the Seventh is dramatized. Failing to do anything with religious or human drama, DeMille, in his prologue, claims a political purpose—he is coming right smack out against dictatorship. Unfortunately, the story is not well suited to this theme, except for its point about national independence. Moses is surely an autocrat, benevolent as he may be. His people evidently want to worship the golden calf; Moses and his powerful Ally, the divine Maker of miracles, decree otherwise. Of the many ways of looking at this story, the political is one of the least edifying.

Only the purely visual spectacles are at all impressive. The real spectacle, the human spectacle would be to show God making a frail, worldly human vessel into a divine instrument. The film has no human drama because its heroes are incapable of anything but heroism. Still, the mechanical spectacles perform their function, although they are somewhat

uneven. The fire is too obviously *behind* the burning bush, not *in* it. We see too clearly the cartoon that makes the transition from staff to serpent. The miracle of the Red Sea is better, although, as someone has remarked, the ground is surprisingly dry. Best of all is the finger of fire inscribing the Ten Commandments. Trust De Mille to turn Exodus into a Fourth-of-July display.

The Beauty of Sarai

WE PRESENT here a translation of Column 20 of the Genesis Apocryphon, last of the Dead Sea Scrolls to be unrolled and deciphered by Nahman Avigad and Yigael Yadin. Formerly called the "Lamech Scroll," the Genesis Apocryphon has been dated somewhere between the fourth and first centuries B.C.E. and contains first-person accounts of some of the stories in Genesis. Column 20 is a description of the beauty of the matriarch Sarah and an account of the plague that beset Pharaoh after he had taken her from Abraham (Genesis 12). This selection from the scroll has been translated by Mrs. Shulamith Schwartz Nardi. Certain words and phrases have not yet been deciphered because of the poor condition of the scroll, and they have been left blank.—Ed.

... "How . . . and (how) beautiful the look of her face . . . and how . . . fine is the hair of her head, how fair indeed are her eyes and how pleasing her nose and all the radiance

of her face . . . how beautiful her breast and how lovely all her whiteness.

Her arms goodly to look upon, and her hands how

perfect . . . all the appearance of her hands. How fair her palms and how long and fine all the fingers of her hands. Her legs

how beautiful and how without blemish her thighs. And all maidens and all brides that go beneath the wedding canopy are not more fair than she. And above all

women is she lovely and higher in her beauty than that of them all, and with all her beauty there is much

wisdom in her. And the tip of her hands

is comely." And when the King heard the words of HRQNWS and the words of his two companions, for all three spoke as one man, he desired her exceedingly and he sent

at once to bring her to him and he looked upon her and marvelled at all her loveliness and took her to him to wife and sought to slay me.

And Sarai spoke

to the King, saying, "He is my brother," that it will be well with me

(that I might profit thereby). And

I, Abram, was saved because of her and was not slain. And I wept, I,

Abram, with grievous weeping, I and with me, Lot, my brother's son, wept that night when Sarai was taken from me by force.

That night I prayed and entreated and begged and said in sorrow, as my tears fell, "Blessed art Thou, Most High God, Lord of all

worlds, because Thou art Lord and Master of all and ruler of all the kings of earth, all of whom Thou judgest. Behold now

I cry before Thee, my Lord, against Pharaoh-Zoan, King of Egypt, because my wife has been taken from me by force. Do Thou judge him for me and let me behold Thy mighty hand descend upon him and all his household and may he not this night defile my wife. And men shall know, my Lord, that Thou art the Lord of all kings

of earth." And I went and grieved. That night the Most High God sent a pestilential wind to afflict him and all his household, a wind

that was evil. And it smote him and all his house and he could not come near her nor did he know her and he was with her

two years. And at the end of two years the plagues and the afflictions became grievous and strong in him and in all his house. And he sent and called for all the wise men of

Egypt and all the wizards and all the physicians of Egypt, if perchance they might heal him from that pestilence, him and

his house. And all the physicians and wizards and wise men could not rise up to heal him, for the wind smote them all

and they fled. Then came to me HRQNWS and besought me to come and to pray for

the king and to lay my hands upon him that he might live, for . . . And Lot said unto him, "Abram, my uncle, cannot pray

for the King while Sarai, his wife, is with him. Go now and tell the King to send away his wife to her husband and he will pray for him and he will live."

And when HRQNWS heard these words of Lot he went and said to the King, "All these plagues and afflictions

with which my Lord, the King, is plagued and afflicted, are for the sake of Sarai, the wife of Abram. Restore her, Sarai, to Abram, her husband,

and the plague will depart from thee and the evil will pass away." And he called me to him and said to me,

"What hast thou done unto me for the sake of Sarai, that thou hast told me

'She is my sister,' and she is indeed thy wife. And I took her to me to wife. Behold thy wife who is with me, go thy way and depart from

all the land of Egypt. And now pray for me and all my house that this evil wind may depart from us." And I pray for . . .

swiftly and I laid my hand upon his head and the plague departed from him and the evil wind was gone and he lived. And the King rose and said unto

me . . . and the King and swore to me with an oath that (cannot be changed . . .)

And the king gave him . . . a large . . . and much clothing of fine linen and purple. . . .

before her. And also Hagar . . . and appointed men for me who would take me out. . . .

And I, Abram, went forth, exceedingly rich in cattle and also in silver and in gold, and I went up out of Egypt and Lot,

the son of my brother, with me. And Lot also had great possessions and took unto himself a wife from . . .

Book Reviewers and Contributors to this Issue

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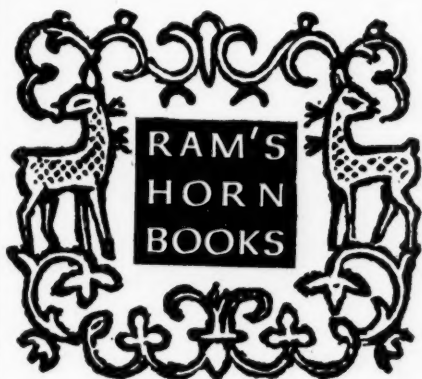
BEN HALPERN last appeared in these pages with

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